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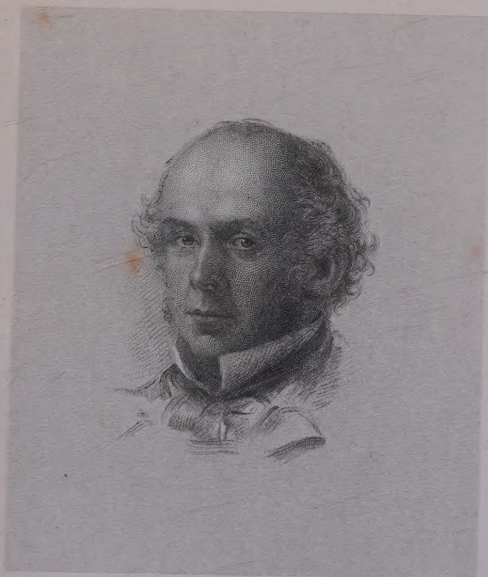
SELECTIONS FROM THE POEMS

OF

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH



SELECTIONS FROM THE POEMS  
OF  
ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH



*Engraved by C. H. Jeens.*

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## PREFACE

THE poems by Arthur Hugh Clough given in this selection are placed in order of time, except the "Bothie," which, written in 1848, at the moment of his leaving Oxford, should chronologically have followed the Early Poems. These were written between 1837 and 1847, between the ages of nineteen and twenty-nine, and correspond with his life at Oxford as Undergraduate, Fellow, and Tutor. "Dipsychus" and the "Amours de Voyage" were written in 1849 and 1850, called forth by Italian journeys made during his three years' residence in London.

The Miscellaneous Poems also belong to this time, except the Sea Songs, which were written during his voyage to America in 1852. "Come, Poet, Come!" also belongs to a later time.

After his return to England in 1853, when he entered the Education Office, he wrote no more during the last eight years of his life till

the last year, when the enforced leisure caused by ill health seemed to renew in him the creative impulse. Among other things he then produced the group of poems called "Mari Magno." These, however, are not represented here, not seeming well adapted for selections. In 1861 he died, aged forty-two, leaving us to wonder what might have come later had longer life been granted him.

B. M. S. C.

*March 1894.*

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THE  
BOTHIE OF TOBER-NA-VUOLICH:

A LONG-VACATION PASTORAL

*Nunc formosissimus annus*

*Ite meæ felix quondam pecus, ite camenæ*



## THE BOTHIE OF TOBER-NA-VUOLICH

### I

#### *Socii cratera coronant*

IT was the afternoon ; and the sports were now at  
the ending.

Long had the stone been put, tree cast, and  
thrown the hammer ;

Up the perpendicular hill, Sir Hector so called it,  
Eight stout gillies had run, with speed and agility  
wondrous ;

Run too the course on the level had been ; the  
leaping was over :

Last in the show of dress, a novelty recently  
added,

Noble ladies their prizes adjudged for costume  
that was perfect,

Turning the clansmen about, as they stood with  
upraised elbows ;

Bowing their eye-glassed brows, and fingering  
kilt and sporran.

It was four of the clock, and the sports were come  
to the ending,

Therefore the Oxford party went off to adorn for  
the dinner.



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Be it recorded in song who was first, who last,  
in dressing.

Hope was first, black-tied, white-waistcoated,  
simple, His Honour ;

For the postman made out he was heir to the  
earldom of Ilay

(Being the younger son of the younger brother,  
the Colonel),

Treated him therefore with special respect ; doffed  
bonnet, and ever

Called him His Honour ; His Honour he therefore  
was at the cottage ;

Always His Honour at least, sometimes the Vis-  
count of Ilay.

Hope was first, His Honour, and next to His  
Honour the Tutor.

Still more plain the Tutor, the grave man, nick-  
named Adam,

White-tied, clerical, silent, with antique square-  
cut waistcoat

Formal, unchanged, of black cloth, but with sense  
and feeling beneath it ;

Skilful in Ethics and Logic, in Pindar and Poets  
unrivalled ;

*Shady* in Latin, said Lindsay, but *topping* in Plays  
and Aldrich.

Somewhat more splendid in dress, in a waist-  
coat work of a lady,

Lindsay succeeded ; the lively, the cheery, cigar-  
loving Lindsay,

Lindsay the ready of speech, the Piper, the  
Dialectician,

This was his title from Adam because of the  
words he invented,

Who in three weeks had created a dialect new for  
the party ;

This was his title from Adam, but mostly they  
called him the Piper.

Lindsay succeeded, the lively, the cheery, cigar-  
loving Lindsay.

Hewson and Hobbes were down at the *matutine*  
bathing ; of course too

Arthur, the bather of bathers, *par excellence*,  
Audley by surname,

Arthur they called him for love and for euphony ;  
they had been bathing,

Where in the morning was custom, where over a  
ledge of granite

Into a granite basin the amber torrent descended,  
Only a step from the cottage, the road and larches  
between them.

Hewson and Hobbes followed quick upon Adam ;  
on them followed Arthur.

Airlie descended the last, effulgent as god of  
Olympus ;

Blue, perceptibly blue, was the coat that had  
white silk facings,

Waistcoat blue, coral-buttoned, the white tie finely  
adjusted,

Coral moreover the studs on a shirt as of crochet  
of women :

When the fourwheel for ten minutes already had  
stood at the gateway,

He, like a god, came leaving his ample Olympian  
chamber.

And in the fourwheel they drove to the place of  
the clansmen's meeting.

So in the fourwheel they came ; and Donald  
the innkeeper showed them

Up to the barn where the dinner should be. Four  
tables were in it ;

Two at the top and the bottom, a little upraised  
from the level,

These for Chairman and Croupier, and gentry fit  
to be with them,

Two lengthways in the midst for keeper and gillie  
and peasant.

Here were clansmen many in kilt and bonnet  
assembled,

Keepers a dozen at least ; the Marquis's targeted  
gillies ;

Pipers five or six, among them the young one, the  
drunkard ;

Many with silver brooches, and some with those  
brilliant crystals

Found amid granite-dust on the frosty scalp of the  
Cairn-Gorm ;

But with snuff-boxes all, and all of them using the  
boxes.

Here too were Catholic Priest, and Established  
Minister standing :

Catholic Priest ; for many still clung to the Ancient  
Worship,

And Sir Hector's father himself had built them a  
chapel ;

So stood Priest and Minister, near to each other,  
but silent,

One to say grace before, the other after the dinner.

Hither anon too came the shrewd, ever-ciphering  
Factor,

Hither anon the Attaché, the Guardsman mute  
and stately,

Hither from lodge and bothie in all the adjoining  
shootings

Members of Parliament many, forgetful of votes  
and bluebooks,

Here, amid heathery hills, upon beast and bird of  
the forest

Venting the murderous spleen of the endless  
Railway Committee.

Hither the Marquis of Ayr, and Dalgarnish Earl  
and Croupier,

And at their side, amid murmurs of welcome, long  
looked-for, himself too

Eager, the grey, but boy-hearted Sir Hector, the  
Chief and the Chairman.

Then was the dinner served, and the Minister  
prayed for a blessing,

And to the viands before them with knife and with  
fork they beset them :

Venison, the red and the roe, with mutton ; and  
grouse succeeding ;

Such was the feast, with whisky of course, and  
at top and bottom

Small decanters of sherry, not overchoice, for the  
gentry.

So to the viands before them with laughter and  
chat they beset them.

And, when on flesh and on fowl had appetite duly  
been sated.

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Up rose the Catholic Priest and returned God  
thanks for the dinner.

Then on all tables were set black bottles of well-  
mixed toddy,

And, with the bottles and glasses before them,  
they sat, digesting,

Talking, enjoying, but chiefly awaiting the toasts  
and speeches.

Spare me, O great Recollection ! for words to  
the task were unequal,

Spare me, O mistress of Song ! nor bid me  
remember minutely

All that was said and done o'er the well-mixed  
tempting toddy ;

How were healths proposed and drunk ' with all  
the honours,'

Glasses and bonnets waving, and three-times-three  
thrice over,

Queen, and Prince, and Army, and Landlords all,  
and Keepers ;

Bid me not, grammar defying, repeat from  
grammar-defiers

Long constructions strange and plusquam-Thucy-  
didean ;

Tell how, as sudden torrent in time of speat<sup>1</sup> in  
the mountain

Hurries six ways at once, and takes at last to the  
roughest,

Or as the practised rider at Astley's or Franconi's  
Skilfully, boldly bestrides many steeds at once in  
the gallop,

<sup>1</sup> Flood.

Crossing from this to that, with one leg here, one  
 yonder,  
 So, less skilful, but equally bold, and wild as the  
 torrent,  
 All through sentences six at a time, unsuspecting  
 of syntax,  
 Hurried the lively good-will and garrulous tale of  
 Sir Hector.  
 Left to oblivion be it, the memory, faithful as  
 ever,  
 How the Marquis of Ayr, with wonderful gesticula-  
 tion,  
 Floundering on through game and mess-room  
 recollections,  
 Gossip of neighbouring forest, praise of targeted  
 gillies,  
 Anticipation of royal visit, skits at pedestrians,  
 Swore he would never abandon his country, nor  
 give up deer-stalking ;  
 How, too, more brief, and plainer, in spite of the  
 Gaelic accent,  
 Highland peasants gave courteous answer to  
 flattering nobles.  
 Two orations alone the memorial song will  
 render ;  
 For at the banquet's close spake thus the lively  
 Sir Hector,  
 Somewhat husky with praises exuberant, often  
 repeated,  
 Pleasant to him and to them, of the gallant  
 Highland soldiers  
 Whom he erst led in the fight ;—something husky,  
 but ready, though weary,

Up to them rose and spoke the grey but gladsome  
chieftain :—

Fill up your glasses, my friends, once more,—  
With all the honours !

There was a toast I forgot, which our gallant  
Highland homes have

Always welcomed the stranger, delighted, I may  
say, to see such

Fine young men at my table—My friends ! are you  
ready ? the Strangers.

Gentlemen, here are your healths,—and I wish you  
—With all the honours !

So he said, and the cheers ensued, and all the  
honours,

All our Collegians were bowed to, the Attaché  
detecting His Honour,

Guardsman moving to Arthur, and Marquis sidling  
to Airlie,

And the small Piper below getting up and nodding  
to Lindsay.

But, while the healths were being drunk, was  
much tribulation and trouble,

Nodding and beckoning across, observed of  
Attaché and Guardsman :

Adam wouldn't speak,—indeed it was certain he  
couldn't ;

Hewson could, and would if they wished ; Philip  
Hewson a poet,

Hewson a radical hot, hating lords and scorning  
ladies,

Silent mostly, but often reviling in fire and fury

Feudal tenures, mercantile lords, competition and  
bishops,



Liveries, armorial bearings, amongst other matters  
the Game-laws :

He could speak, and was asked to by Adam ; but  
Lindsay aloud cried,

(Whisky was hot in his brain), Confound it, no,  
not Hewson,

Ain't he cock-sure to bring in his eternal political  
humbug ?

However, so it must be, and after due pause of  
silence,

Waving his hand to Lindsay, and smiling oddly  
to Adam,

Up to them rose and spoke the poet and radical  
Hewson :—

I am, I think, perhaps the most perfect stranger  
present.

I have not, as have some of my friends, in my  
veins some tincture,

Some few ounces of Scottish blood ; no, nothing  
like it.

I am therefore perhaps the fittest to answer and  
thank you.

So I thank you, sir, for myself and for my com-  
panions,

Heartily thank you all for this unexpected greeting,  
All the more welcome, as showing you do not  
account us intruders,

Are not unwilling to see the north and the south  
forgather.

And, surely, seldom have Scotch and English  
more thoroughly mingled ;

Scarcely with warmer hearts, and clearer feeling  
of manhood,

Even in tourney, and foray, and fray, and regular  
     battle,  
 Where the life and the strength came out in the  
     tug and tussle,  
 Scarcely, where man met man, and soul encoun-  
     tered with soul, as  
 Close as do the bodies and twining limbs of the  
     wrestlers,  
 When for a final bout are a day's two champions  
     mated,—  
 In the grand old times of bows, and bills, and  
     claymores,  
 At the old Flodden-field—or Bannockburn—or  
     Culloden.  
 —(And he paused a moment, for breath, and  
     because of some cheering)  
 We are the better friends, I fancy, for that old  
     fighting,  
 Better friends, inasmuch as we know each other  
     the better,  
 We can now shake hands without pretending or  
     shuffling.  
 On this passage followed a great tornado of  
     cheering,  
 Tables were rapped, feet stamped, a glass or two  
     got broken :  
 He, ere the cheers died wholly away, and while  
     still there was stamping,  
 Added, in altered voice, with a smile, his doubtful  
     conclusion.  
 I have, however, less claim than others perhaps  
     to this honour,

For, let me say, I am neither game-keeper, nor  
game-preserver.

So he said, and sat down, but his satire had  
not been taken.

Only the *men*, who were all on their legs as con-  
cerned in the thanking,

Were a trifle confused, but mostly sat down with-  
out laughing ;

Lindsay alone, close-facing the chair, shook his  
fist at the speaker.

Only a Liberal member, away at the end of the table,  
Started, remembering sadly the cry of a coming  
election,

Only the Attaché glanced at the Guardsman, who  
twirled his moustachio,

Only the Marquis faced round, but, not quite clear  
of the meaning,

Joined with the joyous Sir Hector, who lustily beat  
on the table.

And soon after the chairman arose, and the  
feast was over :

Now should the barn be cleared and forthwith  
adorned for the dancing,

And, to make way for this purpose, the Tutor and  
pupils retiring

Were by the chieftain addressed and invited to  
come to the castle.

But ere the door-way they quitted, a thin man  
clad as the Saxon,

Trouser and cap and jacket of homespun blue,  
hand-woven,

Singled out, and said with determined accent, to  
Hewson,

Touching his arm : Young man, if ye pass through  
 the Braes o' Lochaber,  
 See by the loch-side ye come to the Bothie of  
 Tober-na-vuolich.

## II

*Et certamen erat, Corydon cum Thyrside, magnum*

MORN, in yellow and white, came broadening out  
 from the mountains,  
 Long ere music and reel were hushed in the barn  
 of the dancers.  
 Duly in *matutine* bathed, before eight some two  
 of the party,  
 Where in the morning was custom, where over a  
 ledge of granite  
 Into a granite basin the amber torrent descended.  
 There two plunges each took Philip and Arthur  
 together,  
 Duly in *matutine* bathed, and read, and waited  
 for breakfast :  
 Breakfast commencing at nine, lingered lazily on  
 to noon-day.  
 Tea and coffee were there ; a jug of water for  
 Hewson ;  
 Tea and coffee ; and four cold grouse upon the  
 sideboard ;  
 Gaily they talked, as they sat, some late and lazy  
 at breakfast,  
 Some professing a book, some smoking outside  
 at the window.

By an aurora soft-pouring a still sheeny tide to  
the zenith,

Hewson and Arthur, with Adam, had walked and  
got home by eleven ;

Hope and the others had stayed till the round sun  
lighted them bedward.

They of the lovely aurora, but these of the lovelier  
women

Spoke—of noble ladies and rustic girls, their  
partners.

Turned to them Hewson, the Chartist, the poet,  
the eloquent speaker.

Sick of the very names of your Lady Augustas  
and Floras

Am I, as ever I was of the dreary botanical  
titles

Of the exotic plants, their antitypes in the hot-  
house :

Roses, violets, lilies for me ! the out-of-door  
beauties ;

Meadow and woodland sweets, forget-me-nots and  
heart's-ease !

Pausing awhile, he proceeded anon, for none  
made answer.

Oh, if our high-born girls knew only the grace,  
the attraction,

Labour, and labour alone, can add to the beauty  
of women,

Truly the milliner's trade would quickly, I think,  
be at discount,

All the waste and loss in silk and satin be saved  
us,

Saved for purposes truly and widely productive——

That's right,  
Take off your coat to it, Philip, cried Lindsay,  
outside in the garden,  
Take off your coat to it, Philip.

Well, then, said Hewson, resuming ;  
Laugh if you please at my novel economy ; listen  
to this, though ;

As for myself, and apart from economy wholly,  
believe me,

Never I properly felt the relation between men  
and women,

Though to the dancing-master I went perforce,  
for a quarter,

Where, in dismal quadrille, were good-looking girls  
in abundance,

Though, too, school-girl cousins were mine—a  
bevy of beauties——

Never (of course you will laugh, but of course all  
the same I shall say it),

Never, believe me, I knew of the feelings between  
men and women,

Till in some village fields in holidays now getting  
stupid,

One day sauntering 'long and listless,' as Tenny-  
son has it,

Long and listless strolling, ungainly in hobbadiboy-  
hood,

Chanced it my eye fell aside on a capless, bonnetless  
maiden,

Bending with three-pronged fork in a garden  
uprooting potatoes.

Was it the air? who can say? or herself, or the  
 charm of the labour?  
 But a new thing was in me; and longing delicious  
 possessed me,  
 Longing to take her and lift her, and put her  
 away from her slaving.  
 Was it embracing or aiding was most in my mind?  
 hard question!  
 But a new thing was in me; I, too, was a youth  
 among maidens:  
 Was it the air? who can say! but in part 'twas  
 the charm of the labour.  
 Still, though a new thing was in me, the poets  
 revealed themselves to me,  
 And in my dreams by Miranda, her Ferdinand,  
 often I wandered,  
 Though all the fuss about girls, the giggling and  
 toying and coying,  
 Were not so strange as before, so incomprehensible  
 purely;  
 Still, as before (and as now), balls, dances, and  
 evening parties,  
 Shooting with bows, going shopping together, and  
 hearing them singing,  
 Dangling beside them, and turning the leaves on  
 the dreary piano,  
 Offering unneeded arms, performing dull farces  
 of escort,  
 Seemed like a sort of unnatural up-in-the-air  
 balloon-work  
 (Or what to me is as hateful, a riding about in a  
 carriage);



Utter removal from work, mother earth, and the  
objects of living.

Hungry and fainting for food, you ask me to join  
you in snapping—

What but a pink-paper comfit, with motto romantic  
inside it?

Wishing to stock me a garden, I'm sent to a table  
of nosegays;

Better a crust of black bread than a mountain of  
paper confections,

Better a daisy in earth than a dahlia cut and  
gathered,

Better a cowslip with root than a prize carnation  
without it.

That I allow, said Adam.

But he, with the bit in his teeth, scarce  
Breathed a brief moment, and hurried exultingly  
on with his rider,

Far over hillock, and runnel, and bramble, away  
in the champaign,

Snorting defiance and force, the white foam fleck-  
ing his flanks, the

Rein hanging loose to his neck, and head project-  
ing before him.

Oh, if they knew and considered, unhappy ones!  
oh, could they see, could

But for a moment discern, how the blood of true  
gallantry kindles,

How the old knightly religion, the chivalry semi-  
quixotic

Stirs in the veins of a man at seeing some delicate  
woman

Serving him, toiling—for him, and the world ;  
     some tenderest girl, now  
 Over-weighted, expectant, of him, is it ? who shall,  
     if only  
 Duly her burden be lightened, not wholly removed  
     from her, mind you,  
 Lightened if but by the love, the devotion man  
     only can offer,  
 Grand on her pedestal rise as urn-bearing statue  
     of Hellas ;—  
 Oh, could they feel at such moments how man's  
     heart, as into Eden  
 Carried anew, seems to see, like the gardener of  
     earth uncorrupted,  
 Eve from the hand of her Maker advancing, an  
     help meet for him,  
 Eve from his own flesh taken, a spirit restored to  
     his spirit,  
 Spirit but not spirit only, himself whatever him-  
     self is,  
 Unto the mystery's end sole helpmate meet to be  
     with him ;—  
 Oh, if they saw it and knew it ; we soon should  
     see them abandon  
 Boudoir, toilette, carriage, drawing-room, and ball-  
     room,  
 Satin for worsted exchange, gros-de-naples for  
     plain linsey-woolsey,  
 Sandals of silk for clogs, for health lackadaisical  
     fancies !  
 So, feel women, not dolls ; so feel the sap of  
     existence

Circulate up through their roots from the far-away  
centre of all things,

Circulate up from the depths to the bud on the  
twig that is topmost !

Yes, we should see them delighted, delighted our-  
selves in the seeing,

Bending with blue cotton gown skirted up over  
striped linsey-woolsey,

Milking the kine in the field, like Rachel, watering  
cattle,

Rachel, when at the well the predestined beheld  
and kissed her,

Or, with pail upon head, like Dora beloved of Alexis,  
Comely, with well-poised pail over neck arching  
soft to the shoulders,

Comely in gracefulest act, one arm uplifted to  
stay it,

Home from the river or pump moving stately and  
calm to the laundry ;

Ay, doing household work, as many sweet girls I  
have looked at,

Needful household work, which some one, after  
all, must do,

Needful, graceful therefore, as washing, cooking,  
and scouring,

Or, if you please, with the fork in the garden  
uprooting potatoes.—

Or,—high-kilted perhaps, cried Lindsay, at last  
successful,

Lindsay this long time swelling with scorn and  
pent-up fury,

Or high-kilted perhaps, as once at Dundee I saw  
them,

Petticoats up to the knees, or even, it might be,  
above them,

Matching their lily-white legs with the clothes  
that they trod in the wash-tub !

Laughter ensued at this ; and seeing the Tutor  
embarrassed,

It was from them, I suppose, said Arthur, smiling  
sedately,

Lindsay learnt the tune we all have learnt from  
Lindsay,

*For oh, he was a roguey, the Piper o' Dundee.*

Laughter ensued again ; and the Tutor, recover-  
ing slowly,

Said, Are not these perhaps as doubtful as other  
attractions ?

There is a truth in your view, but I think extremely  
distorted ;

Still there is a truth, I own, I understand you  
entirely.

While the Tutor was gathering his purposes,  
Arthur continued,

Is not all this the same that one hears at common-  
room breakfasts,

Or perhaps Trinity wines, about Gothic buildings  
and Beauty ?

And with a start from the sofa came Hobbes ;  
with a cry from the sofa,

Where he was laid, the great Hobbes, contempla-  
tive, corpulent, witty,

Author forgotten and silent of currentest phrases  
and fancies,

Mute and exuberant by turns, a fountain at in-  
tervals playing,

Mute and abstracted, or strong and abundant as  
rain in the tropics ;

Studious ; careless of dress ; inobservant : by  
smooth persuasions

Lately decoyed into kilt on example of Hope and  
the Piper,

Hope an Antinoüs mere, Hyperion of calves the  
Piper.

Beautiful ! cried he up-leaping, analogy perfect  
to madness !

O inexhaustible source of thought, shall I call it,  
or fancy !

Wonderful spring, at whose touch doors fly, what  
a vista disclosing !

Exquisite germ ; Ah no, crude fingers shall not  
soil thee ;

Rest, lovely pearl, in my brain, and slowly mature  
in the oyster.

While at the exquisite pearl they were laughing  
and corpulent oyster,

Ah, could they only be taught, he resumed, by a  
Pugin of women,

How even churning and washing, the dairy, the  
scullery duties,

Wait but a touch to redeem and convert them to  
charms and attractions,

Scrubbing requires for true grace but frank and  
artistical handling,

And the removal of slops to be ornamentally  
treated.

Philip who speaks like a book (retiring and  
pausing he added),

Philip, here, who speaks—like a folio say'st thou,  
Piper ?

Philip shall write us a book, a Treatise upon *The  
Laws of*

*Architectural Beauty in Application to Women ;*  
Illustrations, of course, and a Parker's Glossary  
pendent,

Where shall in specimen seen be the sculliony  
stumpy-columnar

(Which to a reverent taste is perhaps the most  
moving of any),

Rising to grace of true woman in English the  
Early and Later,

Charming us still in fulfilling the Richer and  
•Loftier stages,

Lost, ere we end, in the Lady-Debased and the  
Lady-Flamboyant :

Whence why in satire and spite too merciless  
onward pursue her

Hither to hideous close, Modern-Florid, modern-  
fine-lady ?

No, I will leave it to you, my Philip, my Pugin of  
women.

Leave it to Arthur, said Adam, to think of, and  
not to play with.

You are young, you know, he said, resuming, to  
Philip,

You are young, he proceeded, with something of  
fervour to Hewson.

You are a boy ; when you grow to a man you'll  
find things alter.

You will then seek only the good, will scorn the  
attractive,

Scorn all mere cosmetics, as now of rank and  
fashion,

Delicate hands, and wealth, so then of poverty  
also,

Poverty truly attractive, more truly, I bear you  
witness.

Good, wherever it's found, you will choose, be it  
humble or stately,

Happy if only you find, and finding do not lose it.

Yes, we must seek what is good, it always and it  
only ;

Not indeed absolute good, good for us, as is said  
in the Ethics,

That which is good for ourselves, our proper  
selves, our best selves.

Ah, you have much to learn, we can't know all  
things at twenty.

Partly you rest on truth, old truth, the duty of  
Duty,

Partly on error, you long for equality.

Ay, cried the Piper,

That's what it is, that confounded *égalité*, French  
manufacture,

He is the same as the Chartist who spoke at a  
meeting in Ireland,

*What, and is not one man, fellow-men, as good as  
another ?*

*Faith*, replied Pat, *and a deal better too !*

So rattled the Piper :

But undisturbed in his tenor, the Tutor.

Partly in error

Seeking equality, *is not one woman as good as  
another ?*



I with the Irishman answer, *Yes, better too*; the  
     poorer  
 Better full oft than richer, than loftier better the  
     lower,  
 Irrespective of wealth and of poverty, pain and  
     enjoyment,  
 Women all have their duties, the one as well as  
     the other;  
 Are all duties alike? Do all alike fulfil them?  
 However noble the dream of equality, mark you,  
     Philip,  
 Nowhere equality reigns in all the world of  
     creation,  
 Star is not equal to star, nor blossom the same as  
     blossom;  
 Herb is not equal to herb, any more than planet  
     to planet.  
 There is a glory of daisies, a glory again of carna-  
     tions;  
 Were the carnation wise, in gay parterre by green-  
     house,  
 Should it decline to accept the nurture the  
     gardener gives it,  
 Should it refuse to expand to sun and genial  
     summer,  
 Simply because the field-daisy that grows in the  
     grass-plat beside it,  
 Cannot, for some cause or other, develop and be a  
     carnation?  
 Would not the daisy itself petition its scrupulous  
     neighbour?  
 Up, grow, bloom, and forget me; be beautiful even  
     to proudness,

E'en for the sake of myself and other poor daisies  
like me.

Education and manners, accomplishments and re-  
finements,

Waltz, peradventure, and polka, the knowledge of  
music and drawing,

All these things are Nature's, to Nature dear and  
precious,

We have all something to do, man, woman alike,  
I own it ;

We all have something to do, and in my judgment  
should do it

In our station ; not thinking about it, but not  
disregarding ;

Holding it, not for enjoyment, but simply because  
we are in it.

Ah ! replied Philip, Alas ! the noted phrase of  
the Prayer-book,

*Doing our duty in that state of life to which God  
has called us,*

Seems to me always to mean, when the little rich  
boys say it,

Standing in velvet frock by mamma's brocaded  
flounces,

Eyeing her gold-fastened book and the watch and  
chain at her bosom,

Seems to me always to mean, Eat, drink, and  
never mind others.

Nay, replied Adam, smiling, so far your economy  
leads me,

Velvet and gold and brocade are nowise to my  
fancy.

Nay, he added, believe me, I like luxurious living

Even as little as you, and grieve in my soul not  
seldom,

More for the rich indeed than the poor, who are  
not so guilty.

So the discussion closed ; and, said Arthur,  
Now it is my turn,

How will my argument please you ? To-morrow  
we start on our travel.

And took up Hope the chorus,

To-morrow we start on our travel.

Lo, the weather is golden, the weather-glass, say  
they, rising ;

Four weeks here have we read ; four weeks will  
we read hereafter ;

Three weeks hence will return and think of classes  
and classics.

Fare ye well, meantime, forgotten, unnamed, un-  
dreamt of,

History, Science, and Poets ! lo, deep in dustiest  
cupboard,

Thookydid, Oloros' son, Halimoosian, here lieth  
buried !

Slumber in Liddell-and-Scott, O musical chaff of  
old Athens,

Dishes, and fishes, bird, beast, and sesquipedalian  
blackguard !

Sleep, weary ghosts, be at peace and abide in  
your lexicon-limbo !

Sleep, as in lava for ages your Herculeanean  
kindred,

Sleep, for aught that I care, ' the sleep that knows  
no waking,'

Æschylus, Sophocles, Homer, Herodotus, Pindar,  
and Plato.

Three weeks hence be it time to exhume our  
dreary classics.

And in the chorus joined Lindsay, the Piper,  
the Dialectician,

Three weeks hence we return to the *shop* and  
the *wash-hand-stand-basin*

(These are the Piper's names for the bathing-place  
and the cottage),

Three weeks hence unbury *Thicksides* and *hairy*  
Aldrich.

But the Tutor inquired, the grave man, nick-named  
Adam,

Who are they that go, and when do they promise  
returning?

And a silence ensued, and the Tutor himself  
continued,

Airlie remains, I presume, he continued, and  
Hobbes and Hewson.

Answer was made him by Philip, the poet, the  
eloquent speaker :

Airlie remains, I presume, was the answer, and  
Hobbes, peradventure ;

Tarry let Airlie May-fairly, and Hobbes, brief-  
kilted hero,

Tarry let Hobbes in kilt, and Airlie 'abide in his  
breeches ;'

Tarry let these, and read, four Pindars apiece an'  
it like them !

Weary of reading am I, and weary of walks pre-  
scribed us ;

Weary of Ethic and Logic, of Rhetoric yet more  
weary,

Eager to range over heather unfettered of gillie  
and marquis,

I will away with the rest, and bury my dismal  
classics.

And to the Tutor rejoining, Be mindful ; you go  
up at Easter,

This was the answer returned by Philip, the Pugin  
of women.

Good are the Ethics I wis ; good absolute, not for  
me, though ;

Good, too, Logic, of course ; in itself, but not in  
fine weather.

Three weeks hence, with the rain, to Prudence,  
Temperance, Justice,

Virtues Moral and Mental, with Latin prose  
included ;

Three weeks hence we return to cares of classes  
and classics.

I will away with the rest, and bury my dismal  
classics.

But the Tutor inquired, the grave man, nick-  
named Adam,

Where do you mean to go, and whom do you  
mean to visit ?

And he was answered by Hope, the Viscount,  
His Honour, of Ilay.

Kitcat, a Trinity *coach*, has a party at Drumna-  
drochet,

Up on the side of Loch Ness, in the beautiful  
valley of Urquhart ;

Mainwaring says they will lodge us, and feed us,  
 and give us a lift too :  
 Only they talk ere long to remove to Glenmorison.  
 Then at  
 Castleton, high in Braemar, strange home, with  
 his earliest party,  
 Harrison, fresh from the schools, has James and  
 Jones and Lauder.  
 Thirdly, a Cambridge man I know, Smith, a senior  
 wrangler,  
 With a mathematical score hangs-out at Inveraray.  
 Finally, too, from the kilt and the sofa said  
 Hobbes in conclusion,  
 Finally, Philip must hunt for that home of the  
 probable poacher,  
 Hid in the braes of Lochaber, the Bothie of  
*What-did-he-call-it.*  
 Hopeless of you and of us, of gillies and marquises  
 hopeless,  
 Weary of Ethic and Logic, of Rhetoric yet more  
 weary,  
 There shall he, smit by the charm of a lovely  
 potato-uprooter,  
 Study the question of sex in the Bothie of *What-*  
*did-he-call-it.*

## III

*Namque canebat uti——*

So in the golden morning they parted and went  
 to the westward.  
 And in the cottage with Airlie and Hobbes re-  
 mained the Tutor ;

Reading nine hours a day with the Tutor, Hobbes  
and Airlie ;

One between bathing and breakfast, and six before  
it was dinner

(Breakfast at eight, at four, after bathing again,  
the dinner),

Finally, two after walking and tea, from nine to  
eleven.

Airlie and Adam at evening their quiet stroll  
together

Took on the terrace-road, with the western hills  
before them ;

Hobbes, only rarely a third, now and then in the  
cottage remaining,

E'en after dinner, eupeptic, would rush yet again  
to his reading ;

Other times, stung by the œstrum of some swift-  
working conception,

Ranged, tearing on in his fury, an Io-cow through  
the mountains,

Heedless of scenery, heedless of bogs, and of  
perspiration,

On the high peaks, unwitting, the hares and  
ptarmigan starting.

And the three weeks past, the three weeks,  
three days over,

Neither letter had come, nor casual tidings any,

And the pupils grumbled, the Tutor became  
uneasy,

And in the golden weather they wondered, and  
watched to the westward.

There is a stream (I name not its name, lest  
inquisitive tourist

Hunt it, and make it a lion, and get it at last into  
 guide-books),  
 Springing far off from a loch unexplored in the  
 folds of great mountains,  
 Falling two miles through rowan and stunted  
 alder, enveloped  
 Then for four more in a forest of pine, where  
 broad and ample  
 Spreads, to convey it, the glen with heathery  
 slopes on both sides :  
 Broad and fair the stream, with occasional falls  
 and narrows ;  
 But, where the glen of its course approaches the  
 vale of the river,  
 Met and blocked by a huge interposing mass of  
 granite,  
 Scarce by a channel deep-cut, raging up, and  
 raging onward,  
 Forces its flood through a passage so narrow a  
 lady would step it.  
 There, across the great rocky wharves, a wooden  
 bridge goes,  
 Carrying a path to the forest ; below, three  
 hundred yards, say,  
 Lower in level some twenty-five feet, through flats  
 of shingle,  
 Stepping-stones and a cart-track cross in the open  
 valley.  
 But in the interval here the boiling pent-up  
 water  
 Frees itself by a final descent, attaining a basin,  
 Ten feet wide and eighteen long, with whiteness  
 and fury



Occupied partly, but mostly pellucid, pure, a  
 mirror;  
 Beautiful there for the colour derived from green  
 rocks under;  
 Beautiful, most of all, where beads of foam up-  
 rising  
 Mingle their clouds of white with the delicate  
 hue of the stillness,  
 Cliff over cliff for its sides, with rowan and pendent  
 birch boughs,  
 Here it lies, unthought of above at the bridge  
 and pathway,  
 Still more enclosed from below by wood and  
 rocky projection.  
 You are shut in, left alone with yourself and per-  
 fection of water,  
 Hid on all sides, left alone with yourself and the  
 goddess of bathing.  
 Here, the pride of the plunger, you stride the  
 fall and clear it;  
 Here, the delight of the bather, you roll in beaded  
 sparklings,  
 Here into pure green depth drop down from lofty  
 ledges.  
 Hither, a month ago, they had come, and  
 discovered it; hither  
 (Long a design, but long unaccountably left un-  
 accomplished),  
 Leaving the well-known bridge and pathway above  
 to the forest,  
 Turning below from the track of the carts over  
 stone and shingle,

Piercing a wood, and skirting a narrow and natural  
     causeway  
 Under the rocky wall that hedges the bed of the  
     streamlet,  
 Rounded a craggy point, and saw on a sudden  
     before them  
 Slabs of rock, and a tiny beach, and perfection of  
     water,  
 Picture-like beauty, seclusion sublime, and the  
     goddess of bathing.  
 There they bathed, of course, and Arthur, the Glory  
     of headers,  
 Leapt from the ledges with Hope, he twenty feet,  
     he thirty ;  
 There, overbold, great Hobbes from a ten-foot  
     height descended,  
 Prone, as a quadruped, prone with hands and feet  
     protending ;  
 There in the sparkling champagne, ecstatic, they  
     shrieked and shouted.  
     ‘Hobbes’s gutter’ the Piper entitles the spot,  
     profanely,  
 Hope ‘the Glory’ would have, after Arthur, the  
     Glory of headers :  
 But, for before they departed, in shy and fugitive  
     reflex,  
 Here in the eddies and there did the splendour of  
     Jupiter glimmer ;  
 Adam adjudged it the name of Hesperus, star of  
     the evening.  
     Hither, to Hesperus, now, the star of evening  
     above them,

Come in their lonelier walk the pupils twain and  
 Tutor ;  
 Turned from the track of the carts, and passing  
 the stone and shingle,  
 Piercing the wood, and skirting the stream by the  
 natural causeway,  
 Rounded the craggy point, and now at their ease  
 looked up ; and  
 Lo, on the rocky ledge, regardant, the Glory of  
 headers,  
 Lo, on the beach, expecting the plunge, not cigar-  
 less, the Piper,—  
 And they looked, and wondered, incredulous,  
 looking yet once more.  
 Yes, it was he, on the ledge, bare-limbed, an Apollo,  
 down-gazing,  
 Eyeing one moment the beauty, the life, ere he  
 flung himself in it,  
 Eyeing through eddying green waters the green-  
 tinting floor underneath them,  
 Eyeing the bead on the surface, the bead, like a  
 cloud rising to it,  
 Drinking-in, deep in his soul, the beautiful hue  
 and the clearness,  
 Arthur, the shapely, the brave, the unboasting, the  
 Glory of headers ;  
 Yes, and with fragrant weed, by his knapsack,  
 spectator and critic,  
 Seated on slab by the margin, the Piper, the Cloud-  
 compeller.  
 Yes, they were come ; were restored to the party,  
 its grace and its gladness,

Yes, were here, as of old ; the light-giving orb of  
 the household,  
 Arthur, the shapely, the tranquil, the strength-and-  
 contentment diffusing,

In the pure presence of whom none could quarrel  
 long, nor be pettish,

And, the gay fountain of mirth, their dearly beloved  
 of Pipers ;

Yes, they were come, were here : but Hewson and  
 Hope—where they then ?

Are they behind, travel-sore, or ahead, going  
 straight, by the pathway ?

And from his seat and cigar spoke the Piper,  
 the Cloud-compeller.

Hope with the uncle abideth for shooting. Ah  
 me, were I with him !

Ah, good boy that I am, to have stuck to my word  
 and my reading !

Good, good boy to be here, far away, who might  
 be at Balloch !

Only one day to have stayed who might have been  
 welcome for seven,

Seven whole days in castle and forest—gay in the  
 mazy

Moving, imbibing the rosy, and pointing a gun at  
 the horny !

And the Tutor impatient, expectant, interrupted.  
 Hope with the uncle, and Hewson—with him ? or  
 where have you left him ?

And from his seat and cigar spoke the Piper, the  
 Cloud-compeller.

Hope with the uncle, and Hewson—Why, Hewson  
 we left in Rannoch,

By the lochside and the pines, in a farmer's house,  
—reflecting—

Helping to shear,<sup>1</sup> and dry clothes, and bring in  
peat from the peat-stack.

And the Tutor's countenance fell ; perplexed,  
dumb-founded

Stood he,—slow and with pain disengaging jest  
from earnest.

He is not far from home, said Arthur from the  
water,

He will be with us to-morrow, at latest, or the  
next day,

And he was even more reassured by the Piper's  
rejoinder.

Can he have come by the mail, and have got to  
the cottage before us ?

So to the cottage they went, and Philip was  
not at the cottage ;

But by the mail was a letter from Hope, who  
himself was to follow.

Two whole days and nights succeeding brought  
not Philip,

Two whole days and nights exhausted not question  
and story.

For it was told, the Piper narrating, corrected  
of Arthur.

Often by word corrected, more often by smile and  
motion,

How they had been to Iona, to Staffa, to Skye, to  
Culloden,

Seen Loch Awe, Loch Tay, Loch Fyne, Loch  
Ness, Loch Arkaig,

<sup>1</sup> Reap.

Been up Ben-nevis, Ben-more, Ben-cruachan, Ben-  
 muick-dhui ;  
 How they had walked, and eaten, and drunken,  
 and slept in kitchens,  
 Slept upon floors of kitchens, and tasted the real  
 Glenlivat,  
 Walked up perpendicular hills, and also down  
 them,  
 Hither and thither had been, and this and that  
 had witnessed,  
 Left not a thing to be done, and had not a copper  
 remaining.

For it was told withal, he telling, and he  
 correcting,  
 How in the race they had run, and beaten the  
 gillies of Rannoch,  
 How in forbidden glens, in Mar and midmost Athol,  
 Philip insisting hotly, and Arthur and Hope  
 compliant,  
 They had defied the keepers ; the Piper alone  
 protesting,  
 Liking the fun, it was plain, in his heart, but  
 tender of game-law ;  
 Yea, too, in Meäly glen, the heart of Lochiel's  
 fair forest,  
 Where Scotch firs are darkest and amplest, and  
 intermingle  
 Grandly with rowan and ash—in Mar you have  
 no ashes,  
 There the pine is alone, or relieved by the birch  
 and the alder—  
 How in Meäly glen, while stags were starting  
 before, they

Made the watcher believe they were guests from  
Achnacarry.

And there was told moreover, he telling, the  
other correcting,

Often by word, more often by mute significant  
motion,

Much of the Cambridge *coach* and his pupils at  
Inveraray,

Huge barbarian pupils, Expanded in Infinite  
Series,

Firing-off signal guns (great scandal) from window  
to window

(For they were lodging perforce in distant and  
numerous houses),

Signals, when, one retiring, another should go to  
the Tutor :—

Much too of Kitcat, of course, and the party at  
Drumnadrochet,

Mainwaring, Foley, and Fraser, their idleness  
horrid and dog-cart ;

Drumnadrochet was *seedy*, Glenmorison *adequate*,  
but at

Castleton, high in Braemar, were the *clippingest*  
places for bathing ;

One by the bridge in the village, indecent, the  
*Town Hall* christened,

Where had Lauder howbeit been bathing, and  
Harrison also,

Harrison even, the Tutor ; another like Hesperus  
here, and

Up the water of Eye, half-a-dozen at least, all  
*stunners*.

And it was told, the Piper narrating and Arthur  
 correcting,  
 Colouring he, dilating, magniloquent, glorying in  
 picture,  
 He to a matter-of-fact still softening, paring,  
 abating,  
 He to the great might-have-been upsoaring, sublime  
 and ideal,  
 He to the merest it-was restricting, diminishing,  
 dwarfing,  
 River to streamlet reducing, and fall to slope  
 subduing :  
 So was it told, the Piper narrating, corrected of  
 Arthur,  
 How under Linn of Dee, where over rocks,  
 between rocks,  
 Freed from prison the river comes, pouring, rolling,  
 rushing,  
 Then at a sudden descent goes sliding, gliding,  
 unbroken,  
 Falling, sliding, gliding, in narrow space collected,  
 Save for a ripple at last, a sheeted descent un-  
 broken,—  
 How to the element offering their bodies, down-  
 shooting the fall, they  
 Mingled themselves with the flood and the force  
 of imperious water.  
 And it was told too, Arthur narrating, the  
 Piper correcting,  
 How, as one comes to the level, the weight of the  
 downward impulse  
 Carries the head under water, delightful, unspeak-  
 able ; how the



Piper, here ducked and blinded, got stray, and  
borne-off by the current

Wounded his lily-white thighs, below, at the  
craggy corner.

And it was told, the Piper resuming, corrected  
of Arthur,

More by word than motion, change ominous,  
noted of Adam,

How at the floating-bridge of Laggan, one morn-  
ing at sunrise,

Came, in default of the ferryman, out of her bed  
a brave lassie ;

And as Philip and she together were turning the  
handles,

Winding the chain by which the boat works over  
the water,

Hands intermingled with hands, and at last, as  
they stepped from the boatie,

Turning about, they saw lips also mingle with lips ;  
but

That was flatly denied and loudly exclaimed at by  
Arthur :

How at the General's hut, the Inn by the Foyers  
Fall, where

Over the loch looks at you the summit of Méal-  
fourvónie,

How here too he was hunted at morning, and  
found in the kitchen

Watching the porridge being made, pronouncing  
them smoked for certain,

Watching the porridge being made, and asking  
the lassie that made them

What was the Gaelic for *girl*, and what was the  
 Gaelic for *pretty*;  
 How in confusion he shouldered his knapsack, yet  
 blushingly stammered,  
 Waving a hand to the lassie, that blushingly bent  
 o'er the porridge,  
 Something outlandish—*Slan*-something, *Slan leat*,  
 he believed, *Caleg Looach*—  
 That was the Gaelic, it seemed, for 'I bid you  
 good-bye, bonnie lassie ;'  
 Arthur admitted it true, not of Philip, but of the  
 Piper.

And it was told by the Piper, while Arthur  
 looked out at the window,  
 How in thunder and in rain—it is wetter far to  
 the westward—  
 Thunder and rain and wind, losing heart and  
 road, they were welcomed,  
 Welcomed, and three days detained at a farm by  
 the lochside of Rannoch ;  
 How in the three days' detention was Philip ob-  
 served to be smitten,  
 Smitten by golden-haired Katie, the youngest and  
 comeliest daughter ;  
 Was he not seen, even Arthur observed it, from  
 breakfast to bedtime,  
 Following her motions with eyes ever brightening,  
 softening ever ?  
 Did he not fume, fret, and fidget to find her stand  
 waiting at table ?  
 Was he not one mere St. Vitus' dance, when he  
 saw her at nightfall

Go through the rain to fetch peat, through beating  
 rain to the peat-stack?  
 How too a dance, as it happened, was given by  
 Grant of Glenurchie,  
 And with the farmer they went as the farmer's  
 guests to attend it;  
 Philip stayed dancing till daylight,—and evermore  
 with Katie;  
 How the whole next afternoon he was with her  
 away in the shearing,<sup>1</sup>  
 And the next morning ensuing was found in the  
 ingle beside her  
 Kneeling, picking the peats from her apron,—  
 blowing together,  
 Both, between laughing, with lips distended, to  
 kindle the embers;  
 Lips were so near to lips, one living cheek to  
 another,—  
 Though, it was true, he was shy, very shy,—yet  
 it wasn't in nature,  
 Wasn't in nature, the Piper averred, there shouldn't  
 be kissing;  
 So when at noon they had packed up the things,  
 and proposed to be starting,  
 Philip professed he was lame, would leave in the  
 morning and follow;  
 Follow he did not; do burns, when you go up a  
 glen, follow after?  
 Follow, he had not, nor left; do needles leave the  
 loadstone?  
 Nay, they had turned after starting, and looked  
 through the trees at the corner,

<sup>1</sup> Reaping.

Lo, on the rocks by the lake there he was, the  
lassie beside him,

Lo, there he was, stooping by her, and helping  
with stones from the water

Safe in the wind to keep down the clothes she  
would spread for the drying.

There they had left him, and there, if Katie was  
there, was Philip,

There drying clothes, making fires, making love,  
getting on too by this time,

Though he was shy, so exceedingly shy.

You may say so, said Arthur,

For the first time they had known with a peevish  
intonation,—

Did not the Piper himself flirt more in a single  
evening,

Namely, with Janet the elder, than Philip in all  
our sojourn?

Philip had stayed, it was true; the Piper was  
loth to depart too,

Harder his parting from Janet than e'en from the  
keeper at Balloch;

And it was certain that Philip was lame.

Yes, in his excuses,

Answered the Piper, indeed!—

But tell me, said Hobbes interposing,

Did you not say she was seen every day in her  
beauty and bedgown

Doing plain household work, as washing, cooking,  
scouring?

How could he help but love her? nor lacked there  
perhaps the attraction

That, in a blue cotton print tucked up over striped  
linsey-woolsey,

Barefoot, barelegged, he beheld her, with arms  
bare up to the elbows,

Bending with fork in her hand in a garden up-  
rooting potatoes?

Is not Katie as Rachel, and is not Philip a Jacob?

Truly Jacob, supplanting a hairy Highland Esau?

Shall he not, love-entertained, feed sheep for the  
Laban of Rannoch?

Patriarch happier he, the long servitude ended of  
wooing,

If when he wake in the morning he find not a  
Leah beside him!

But the Tutor inquired, who had bit his lip to  
bleeding,

How far off is the place? who will guide me  
thither to-morrow?

But by the mail, ere the morrow, came Hope,  
and brought new tidings;

Round by Rannoch had come, and Philip was not  
at Rannoch;

He had left at noon, an hour ago.

With the lassie?

With her? the Piper exclaimed. Undoubtedly!

By great Jingo!

And upon that he arose, slapping both his thighs  
like a hero,

Partly for emphasis only, to mark his conviction,  
but also

Part in delight at the fun, and the joy of eventful  
living.

Hope couldn't tell him, of course, but thought  
 it improbable wholly ;  
 Janet, the Piper's friend, he had seen, and she  
 didn't say so,  
 Though she asked a good deal about Philip, and  
 where he was gone to :  
 One odd thing, by the bye, he continued, befell  
 me while with her ;  
 Standing beside her, I saw a girl pass ; I thought  
 I had seen her,  
 Somewhat remarkable-looking, elsewhere ; and  
 asked what her name was ;  
 Elspie Mackaye, was the answer, the daughter of  
 David ! she's stopping  
 Just above here, with her uncle. And David  
 Mackaye, where lives he ?  
 It's away west, she said ; they call it Tober-na-  
 vuolich.

## IV

*Ut vidi, ut perii, ut me malus abstulit error*

So in the golden weather they waited. But  
 Philip returned not.  
 Sunday six days thence a letter arrived in his  
 writing.—  
 But, O Muse, that encompassed Earth like the  
 ambient ether,  
 Swifter than steamer or railway or magical missive  
 electric,  
 Belting like Ariel the sphere with the star-like  
 trail of thy travel,

Thou with thy Poet, to mortals mere post-office  
second-hand knowledge

Leaving, wilt seek in the moorland of Rannoch  
the wandering hero.

There is it, there, or in lofty Lochaber, where,  
silent upheaving,

Heaving from ocean to sky, and under snow-winds  
of September,

Visibly whitening at morn to darken by noon in  
the shining,

Rise on their mighty foundations the brethren  
huge of Ben-nevis?

There, or westward away, where roads are un-  
known to Loch Nevish,

And the great peaks look abroad over Skye to the  
westernmost islands?

There is it? there? or there? we shall find our  
wandering hero?

Here, in Badenoch, here, in Lochaber anon, in  
Lochiel, in

Knoydart, Moydart, Morrer, Ardgower, and Ard-  
namurchan,

Here I see him and here : I see him ; anon I lose  
him !

Even as cloud passing subtly unseen from moun-  
tain to mountain,

Leaving the crest of Ben-more to be palpable next  
on Ben-vohrich,

Or like to hawk of the hill which ranges and soars  
in its hunting,

Seen and unseen by turns, now here, now in ether  
eludent.

Wherefore, as cloud of Ben-more or hawk  
 over-ranging the mountains,  
 Wherefore in Badenoch drear, in lofty Lochaber,  
 Lochiel, and  
 Knoydart, Moydart, Morrer, Ardgower, and Ardnamurchan,  
 Wandereth he who should either with Adam be  
 studying logic,  
 Or by the lochside of Rannoch on Katie his  
 rhetoric using ;  
 He who, his three weeks past, past now long ago,  
 to the cottage  
 Punctual promised return to cares of classes and  
 classics,  
 He who, smit to the heart by that youngest  
 comeliest daughter,  
 Bent, unregardful of spies, at her feet, spreading  
 clothes from her wash-tub ?  
 Can it be with him through Badenoch, Morrer,  
 and Ardnamurchan ;  
 Can it be with him he beareth the golden-haired  
 lassie of Rannoch ?  
 This fierce, furious walking—o'er mountain-top  
 and moorland,  
 Sleeping in shieling and bothie, with drover on  
 hill-side sleeping,  
 Folded in plaid, where sheep are strewn thicker  
 than rocks by Loch Awen,  
 This fierce, furious travel unwearying—cannot in  
 truth be  
 Merely the wedding tour succeeding the week of  
 wooing !



No, wherever be Katie, with Philip she is not ;  
I see him,

Lo, and he sitteth alone, and these are his words  
in the mountain.

Spirits escaped from the body can enter and be  
with the living ;

Entering unseen, and retiring unquestioned, they  
bring,—do they feel too?—

Joy, pure joy, as they mingle and mix inner  
essence with essence ;

Would I were dead, I keep saying, that so I  
could go and uphold her !

Joy, pure joy, bringing with them, and, when they  
retire, leaving after

No cruel shame, no prostration, despondency ;  
memories rather,

Sweet happy hopes bequeathing. Ah ! wherefore  
not thus with the living ?

Would I were dead, I keep saying, that so I  
could go and uphold her !

Is it impossible, say you, these passionate  
fervent impulses,

These projections of spirit to spirit, these inward  
embraces,

Should in strange ways, in her dreams, should  
visit her, strengthen her, shield her ?

Is it possible, rather, that these great floods of  
feeling

Setting-in daily from me towards her should,  
impotent wholly,

Bring neither sound nor motion to that sweet  
shore they heave to ?

Efflux here, and there no stir nor pulse of influx !

Would I were dead, I keep saying, that so I  
could go and uphold her !

Surely, surely, when sleepless I lie in the mountain  
lamenting,

Surely, surely, she hears in her dreams a voice, ' I  
am with thee,'

Saying, ' although not with thee ; behold, for we  
mated our spirits

Then, when we stood in the chamber, and knew  
not the words we were saying ;'

Yea, if she felt me within her, when not with one  
finger I touched her,

Surely she knows it, and feels it while sorrowing  
here in the moorland.

Would I were dead, I keep saying, that so I  
could go and uphold her !

Spirits with spirits commingle and separate ;  
lightly as winds do,

Spice-laden South with the ocean-born zephyr !  
they mingle and sunder ;

No sad remorse for them, no visions of horror  
and vileness.

Would I were dead, I keep saying, that so I  
could go and uphold her !

Surely the force that here sweeps me along in  
its violent impulse,

Surely my strength shall be in her, my help and  
protection about her,

Surely in inner-sweet gladness and vigour of joy  
shall sustain her,

Till, the brief winter o'er-past, her own true sap in  
the springtide

Rise, and the tree I have bared be verdurous e'en  
as aforetime !

Surely it may be, it should be, it must be. Yet  
ever and ever,

Would I were dead, I keep saying, that so I  
could go and uphold her !

No, wherever be Katie, with Philip she is not :  
behold, for

Here he is sitting alone, and these are his words  
in the mountain.

And, at the farm on the lochside of Rannoch, in  
parlour and kitchen,

Hark ! there is music—the flowing of music, of  
milk, and of whisky ;

Lo, I see piping and dancing ! and whom in the  
midst of the battle

Cantering loudly along there, or, look you, with  
arms uplifted,

Whistling, and snapping his fingers, and seizing  
his gay-smiling Janet,

Whom ?—whom else but the Piper ? the wary  
precognisant Piper,

Who, for the love of gay Janet, and mindful of old  
invitation,

Putting it quite as a duty and urging grave claims  
to attention,

True to his night had crossed over : there goeth  
he, brimful of music,

Like a cork tossed by the eddies that foam under  
furious lasher,

Like to skiff, lifted, uplifted, in lock, by the swift-  
swelling sluices,

So with the music possessing him, swaying him,  
     goeth he, look you,  
 Swinging and flinging, and stamping and tramp-  
     ing, and grasping and clasping  
 Whom but gay Janet?—Him rivalling, Hobbes,  
     briefest-kilted of heroes,  
 Enters, O stoutest, O rashest of creatures, mere  
     fool of a Saxon,  
 Skill-less of philabeg, skill-less of reel too,—the  
     whirl and the twirl o't:  
 Him see I frisking, and whisking, and ever at  
     swifter gyration  
 Under brief curtain revealing broad acres—not of  
     broad cloth.  
 Him see I there and the Piper—the Piper what  
     vision beholds not?  
 Him and His Honour with Arthur, with Janet our  
     Piper, and is it,  
 Is it, O marvel of marvels! he too in the maze of  
     the mazy,  
 Skipping, and tripping, though stately, though  
     languid, with head on one shoulder,  
 Airlie, with sight of the waistcoat the golden-  
     haired Katie consoling?  
 Katie, who simple and comely, and smiling and  
     blushing as ever,  
 What though she wear on that neck a blue kerchief  
     remembered as Philip's,  
 Seems in her maidenly freedom to need small  
     consolement of waistcoats!—  
 Wherefore in Badenoch then, far-away, in  
     Lochaber, Lochiel, in

Knoydart, Moydart, Morrer, Ardgower, or Ardnamurchan,

Wanders o'er mountain and moorland, in shieling  
or bothie is sleeping,

He, who,—and why should he not then? capricious? or is it rejected?

Might to the piping of Rannoch be pressing the  
thrilling fair fingers,

Might, as he clasped her, transmit to her bosom  
the throb of his own—yea,—

Might in the joy of the reel be wooing and winning  
his Katie?

What is it Adam reads far off by himself in the  
cottage?

Reads yet again with emotion, again is preparing  
to answer?

What is it Adam is reading? What was it Philip  
had written?

There was it writ, how Philip possessed  
undoubtedly had been,

Deeply, entirely possessed by the charm of the  
maiden of Rannoch;

Deeply as never before! how sweet and bewitching  
he felt her

Seen still before him at work, in the garden, the  
byre, the kitchen;

How it was beautiful to him to stoop at her side  
in the shearing,

Binding uncouthly the ears that fell from her  
dexterous sickle,

Building uncouthly the stooks,<sup>1</sup> which she laid by  
her sickle to straighten,

<sup>1</sup> Shocks.

How at the dance he had broken through shyness ;  
     for four days after

Lived on her eyes, unspeaking what lacked not  
     articulate speaking ;

Felt too that she too was feeling what he did.—  
     Howbeit they parted !

How by a kiss from her lips he had seemed made  
     nobler and stronger,

Yea, for the first time in life a man complete and  
     perfect,

So forth ! much that before has been heard of.—  
     Howbeit they parted !

    What had ended it all, he said, was singular,  
     very.—

I was walking along some two miles off from the  
     cottage

Full of my dreamings—a girl went by in a party  
     with others ;

She had a cloak on, was stepping on quickly, for  
     rain was beginning ;

But as she passed, from her hood I saw her eyes  
     look at me.

So quick a glance, so regardless I, that although  
     I had felt it,

You couldn't properly say our eyes met. She cast  
     it, and left it :

It was three minutes perhaps ere I knew what it  
     was. I had seen her

Somewhere before I am sure, but that wasn't it ;  
     not its import :

No, it had seemed to regard me with simple  
     superior insight,

Quietly saying to itself—Yes, there he is still in  
     his fancy,  
 Letting drop from him at random as things not  
     worth his considering  
 All the benefits gathered and put in his hands by  
     fortune,  
 Loosing a hold which others, contented and  
     unambitious,  
 Trying down here to keep up, know the value of  
     better than he does.  
 What is this? was it perhaps?—Yes, there he is  
     still in his fancy,  
 Doesn't yet see we have here just the things he  
     is used to elsewhere ;  
 People here too are people and not as fairy-land  
     creatures ;  
 He is in a trance, and possessed ; I wonder how  
     long to continue ;  
 It is a shame and a pity—and no good likely to  
     follow.—  
 Something like this, but indeed I cannot attempt  
     to define it.  
 Only, three hours thence I was off and away in  
     the moorland,  
 Hiding myself from myself if I could ; the arrow  
     within me.  
 Katie was not in the house, thank God : I saw her  
     in passing,  
 Saw her, unseen myself, with the pang of a cruel  
     desertion ;  
 What she thinks about it, God knows ! poor child ;  
     may she only

Think me a fool and a madman, and no more  
worth her remembering !

Meantime all through the mountains I hurry and  
know not whither,

Tramp along here, and think, and know not what  
I should think.

Tell me then, why, as I sleep amid hill-tops  
high in the moorland,

Still in my dreams I am pacing the streets of the  
dissolute city,

Where dressy girls slithering by upon pavements  
give sign for accosting,

Paint on their beautiless cheeks, and hunger and  
shame in their bosoms ;

Hunger by drink, and by that which they shudder  
yet burn for, appeasing,—

Hiding their shame—ah God !—in the glare of  
the public gas-lights ?

Why, while I feel my ears catching through  
slumber the run of the streamlet,

Still am I pacing the pavement, and seeing the  
sign for accosting,

Still am I passing those figures, not daring to look  
in their faces ?

Why, when the chill, ere the light, of the daybreak  
uneasily wakes me,

Find I a cry in my heart crying up to the heaven  
of heavens,

No, Great Unjust Judge ! she is purity ; I am the  
lost one.

You will not think that I soberly look for such  
things for sweet Katie ;



No, but the vision is on me ; I now first see how  
it happens,  
Feel how tender and soft is the heart of a girl ;  
how passive  
Fain would it be, how helpless ; and helplessness  
leads to destruction.  
Maiden reserve torn from off it, grows never again  
to reclothe it,  
Modesty broken through once to immodesty flies  
for protection.  
Oh, who saws through the trunk, though he leave  
the tree up in the forest,  
When the next wind casts it down,—is *his* not  
the hand that smote it ?

This is the answer, the second, which, pondering  
long with emotion,  
There by himself in the cottage the Tutor addressed  
to Philip.

I have perhaps been severe, dear Philip, and  
hasty ; forgive me ;  
For I was fain to reply ere I wholly had read  
through your letter ;  
And it was written in scraps with crossings and  
counter-crossings  
Hard to connect with each other correctly, and  
hard to decipher ;  
Paper was scarce, I suppose : forgive me ; I write  
to console you.

Grace is given of God, but knowledge is bought  
in the market ;  
Knowledge needful for all, yet cannot be had for  
the asking.

There are exceptional beings, one finds them  
     distant and rarely,  
 Who, endowed with the vision alike and the  
     interpretation,  
 See, by the neighbours' eyes and their own still  
     motions enlightened,  
 In the beginning the end, in the acorn the oak of  
     the forest,  
 In the child of to-day its children to long genera-  
     tions,  
 In a thought or a wish a life, a drama, an epos.  
 There are inheritors, is it? by mystical genera-  
     tion  
 Heiring the wisdom and ripeness of spirits gone  
     by ; without labour  
 Owning what others by doing and suffering earn ;  
     what old men  
 After long years of mistake and erasure are proud  
     to have come to,  
 Sick with mistake and erasure possess when  
     possession is idle.  
 Yes, there is power upon earth, seen feebly in  
     women and children,  
 Which can, laying one hand on the cover, read  
     off, unfaltering,  
 Leaf after leaf unlifted, the words of the closed  
     book under,  
 Words which we are poring at, hammering at,  
     stumbling at, spelling.  
 Rare is this ; wisdom mostly is bought for a price  
     in the market ;—  
 Rare is this ; and happy, who buys so much for  
     so little,

As I conceive have you, and as I will hope has  
Katie.

Knowledge is needful for man,—needful no less  
for woman,

Even in Highland glens, were they vacant of  
shooter and tourist.

Not that, of course, I mean to prefer your blindfold  
hurry

Unto a soul that abides most loving yet most  
withholding ;

Least unfeeling though calm, self-contained yet  
most unselfish ;

Renders help and accepts it, a man among men  
that are brothers,

Views, not plucks the beauty, adores, and demands  
no embracing,

So in its peaceful passage whatever is lovely and  
gracious

Still without seizing or spoiling, itself in itself  
reproducing.

No, I do not set Philip herein on the level of  
Arthur ;

No, I do not compare still tarn with furious torrent,  
Yet will the tarn overflow, assuaged in the lake be  
the torrent.

Women are weak, as you say, and love of all  
things to be passive,

Passive, patient, receptive, yea, even of wrong  
and misdoing,

Even to force and misdoing with joy and victorious  
feeling

Patient, passive, receptive ; for that is the strength  
of their being,

Like to the earth taking all things, and all to  
good converting.

Oh 'tis a snare indeed !—Moreover, remember it,  
Philip,

To the prestige of the richer the lowly are prone  
to be yielding,

Think that in dealing with them they are raised  
to a different region,

Where old laws and morals are modified, lost,  
exist not ;

Ignorant they as they are, they have but to con-  
form and be yielding.

But I have spoken of this already, and need  
not repeat it.

You will not now run after what merely attracts  
and entices,

Every-day things highly-coloured, and common-  
place carved and gilded.

You will henceforth seek only the good : and seek  
it, Philip,

Where it is—not more abundant, perhaps, but—  
more easily met with ;

Where you are surer to find it, less likely to run  
into error,

In your station, not thinking about it, but not  
disregarding.

So was the letter completed : a postscript after-  
ward added,

Telling the tale that was told by the dancers re-  
turning from Rannoch.

So was the letter completed : but query, whither  
to send it ?

Not for the will of the wisp, the cloud, and the  
hawk of the moorland,  
Ranging afar thro' Lochaber, Lochiel, and Knoy-  
dart, and Moydart,  
Have even latest extensions adjusted a postal  
arrangement.

Query resolved very shortly, when Hope, from  
his chamber descending,

Came with a note in his hand from the Lady, his  
aunt, at the Castle ;

Came and revealed the contents of a missive that  
brought strange tidings ;

Came and announced to the friends, in a voice  
that was husky with wonder,

Philip was staying at Balloch, was there in the  
room with the Countess,

Philip to Balloch had come and was dancing with  
Lady Maria.

Philip at Balloch, he said, after all that stately  
refusal,

He there at last—O strange ! O marvel, marvel  
of marvels !

Airlie, the Waistcoat, with Katie, we left him this  
morning at Rannoch ;

Airlie with Katie, he said, and Philip with Lady  
Maria.

And amid laughter Adam paced up and down,  
repeating

Over and over, unconscious, the phrase which  
Hope had lent him,

Dancing at Balloch, you say, in the Castle, with  
Lady Maria.

## V

—*Putavi**Stultus ego huic nostræ similem.*

So in the cottage with Adam the pupils five together

Duly remained, and read, and looked no more for Philip,

Philip at Balloch shooting and dancing with Lady Maria.

Breakfast at eight, and now, for brief September daylight,

Luncheon at two, and dinner at seven, or even later,

Five full hours between for the loch and the glen and the mountain,—

So in the joy of their life and glory of shooting-jackets,

So they read and roamed, the pupils five with Adam.

What if autumnal shower came frequent and chill from the westward,

10 What if on browner sward with yellow leaves besprinkled,

Gemming the crispy blade, the delicate gossamer gemming,

Frequent and thick lay at morning the chilly beads of hoar-frost,

Duly in *matutine* still, and daily, whatever the weather,

Bathed in the rain and the frost and the mist with the Glory of headers

Hope. Thither also at times, of cold and of  
possible gutters

Careless, unmindful, unconscious, would Hobbes,  
or ere they departed,

Come, in heavy pea-coat his trouserless trunk  
enfolding,

Come, under coat over-brief those lusty legs dis-  
playing,

All from the shirt to the slipper the natural man  
revealing.

Duly there they bathed and daily, the twain or  
the trio,

Where in the morning was custom, where over a  
ledge of granite

Into a granite basin the amber torrent descended :  
Beautiful, very, to gaze in ere plunging ; beautiful  
also,

Perfect as picture, as vision entrancing that comes  
to the sightless,

Through the great granite jambs the stream, the  
glen, and the mountain,

Beautiful, seen by snatches in intervals of dressing,  
Morn after morn, unsought for, recurring ; them-  
selves too seeming

Not as spectators, accepted into it, immingled, as  
truly

Part of it as are the kine in the field lying there  
by the birches.

So they bathed, they read, they roamed in glen  
and forest ;

Far amid blackest pines to the waterfall they  
shadow,

Far up the long, long glen to the loch, and the  
 loch beyond it,  
 Deep, under huge red cliffs, a secret ; and oft by  
 the starlight,  
 Or the aurora, perchance, racing home for the  
 eight o'clock mutton.  
 So they bathed, and read, and roamed in heathery  
 Highland ;  
 There in the joy of their life and glory of shooting-  
 jackets  
 Bathed and read and roamed, and looked no more  
 for Philip.

List to a letter that came from Philip at Balloch  
 to Adam.

I am here, O my friend !—idle, but learning  
 wisdom.

Doing penance, you think ; content, if so, in my  
 penance.

Often I find myself saying, while watching in  
 dance or on horseback

One that is here, in her freedom and grace, and  
 imperial sweetness,

Often I find myself saying, old faith and doctrine  
 abjuring,

Into the crucible casting philosophies, facts,  
 convictions,—

Were it not well that the stem should be naked of  
 leaf and of tendril,

Poverty-stricken, the barest, the dimmallest stick  
 of the garden ;

Flowerless, leafless, unlovely, for ninety-and-nine  
 long summers,



So in the hundredth, at last, were bloom for one  
day at the summit,

So but that fleeting flower were lovely as Lady  
Maria.

Often I find myself saying, and know not  
myself as I say it,

What of the poor and the weary? their labour  
and pain is needed.

Perish the poor and the weary! what can they  
better than perish,

Perish in labour for her, who is worth the  
destruction of empires?

What! for a mite, for a mote, an impalpable  
odour of honour,

Armies shall bleed; cities burn; and the soldier  
red from the storming

Carry hot rancour and lust into chambers of  
mothers and daughters:

What! would ourselves for the cause of an hour  
encounter the battle,

Slay and be slain; lie rotting in hospital, hulk,  
and prison:

Die as a dog dies; die mistaken perhaps, and  
dishonoured.

Yea,—and shall hodmen in beer-shops complain  
of a glory denied them,

Which could not ever be theirs more than now it  
is theirs as spectators?

Which could not be, in all earth, if it were not  
for labour of hodmen?

And I find myself saying, and what I am  
saying, discern not,

Dig in thy deep dark prison, O miner ! and finding  
be thankful ;

Though unpolished by thee, unto thee. unseen in  
perfection,

While thou art eating black bread in the poisonous  
air of thy cavern,

Far away glitters the gem on the peerless neck of  
a Princess.

Dig, and starve, and be thankful ; it is so, and  
thou hast been aiding.

Often I find myself saying, in irony is it, or  
earnest ?

Yea, what is more, be rich, O ye rich ! be sublime  
in great houses,

Purple and delicate linen endure ; be of Burgundy  
patient ;

Suffer that service be done you, permit of the page  
and the valet,

Vex not your souls with annoyance of charity  
schools or of districts,

Cast not to swine of the sty the pearls that should  
gleam in your foreheads.

Live, be lovely, forget them, be beautiful even to  
proudness,

Even for their poor sakes whose happiness is to  
behold you ;

Live, be uncaring, be joyous, be sumptuous ; only  
be lovely,—

Sumptuous not for display, and joyous, not for  
enjoyment ;

Not for enjoyment truly ; for Beauty and God's  
great glory !

Yes, and I say, and it seems inspiration—of  
Good or of Evil !

Is it not He that hath done it, and who shall dare  
gainsay it ?

Is it not even of Him, who hath made us ?—Yea,  
*for the lions,*

*Roaring after their prey, do seek their meat from  
God !*

Is it not even of Him, who one kind over another  
All the works of His hand hath disposed in a  
wonderful order ?

Who hath made man, as the beasts, to live the  
one on the other,

Who hath made man as Himself to know the law  
—and accept it !

You will wonder at this, no doubt ! I also  
wonder !

But we must live and learn ; we can't know all  
things at twenty.

List to a letter of Hobbes to Philip his friend at  
Balloch.

All Cathedrals are Christian, all Christians are  
Cathedrals,

Such is the Catholic doctrine ; 'tis ours with a  
slight variation ;

Every woman is, or ought to be, a Cathedral,  
Built on the ancient plan, a Cathedral pure and  
perfect,

Built by that only law, that Use be suggester of  
Beauty,

Nothing concealed that is done, but all things  
done to adornment,

Meanest utilities seized as occasions to grace and embellish.—

So had I duly commenced in the spirit and style of my Philip,

So had I formally opened the Treatise upon *the Laws of*

*Architectural Beauty in Application to Women,*

So had I writ.—But my fancies are palsied by tidings they tell me.

Tidings—ah me, can it be then? that I, the blasphemer accounted,

Here am with reverent heed at the wondrous Analogy working,

Pondering thy words and thy gestures, whilst thou, a prophet apostate,

(How are the mighty fallen!) whilst thou, a shepherd travestie,

(How are the mighty fallen!) with gun,—with pipe no longer,

Teachest the woods to re-echo thy game-killing recantations,

Teachest thy verse to exalt Amaryllis, a Countess's daughter?

What, thou forgettest, bewildered, my Master, that rightly considered

Beauty must ever be useful, what truly is useful is graceful? .

She that is handy is handsome, good dairy-maids must be good-looking,

If but the butter be nice, the tournure of the elbow is shapely,

If the cream-cheeses be white, far whiter the hands that made them,

If—but alas, is it true? while the pupil alone in  
the cottage

Slowly elaborates here thy System of Feminine  
Graces,

Thou in the palace, its author, art dining, small-  
talking and dancing,

Dancing and pressing the fingers kid-gloved of a  
Lady Maria.

These are the final words, that came to the  
Tutor from Balloch.

I am conquered, it seems! you will meet me, I  
hope, in Oxford,

Altered in manners and mind. I yield to the  
laws and arrangements,

Yield to the ancient existent decrees: who am I  
to resist them? 120

Yes, you will find me altered in mind, I think, as  
in manners,

Anxious too to atone for six weeks' loss of your  
Logic.

So in the cottage with Adam, the pupils five  
together,

Read, and bathed, and roamed, and thought not  
now of Philip,

All in the joy of their life, and glory of shooting-  
jackets.

## VI.

*Ducite ab urbe domum, mea carmina, ducite Daphnin*

BRIGHT October was come, the misty-bright  
October,

Bright October was come to burn and glen and  
cottage ;

But the cottage was empty, the *matutine* deserted.

Who are these that walk by the shore of the  
salt sea water ?

Here in the dusky eve, on the road by the salt  
sea water ?

Who are these ? and where ? it is no sweet  
seclusion ;

Blank hill-sides slope down to a salt sea loch at  
their bases,

Scored by runnels, that fringe ere they end with  
rowan and alder ;

Cottages here and there outstanding bare on the  
mountain,

Peat-roofed, windowless, white ; the road under-  
neath by the water.

There on the blank hill-side, looking down  
through the loch to the ocean,

There with a runnel beside, and pine-trees twain  
before it,

There with the road underneath, and in sight of  
coaches and steamers,

Dwelling of David Mackaye, and his daughters  
Elspie and Bella,

Sends up a column of smoke the Bothie of Tober-  
na-vuolich.

And of the older twain, the elder was telling  
 the younger,  
 How on his pittance of soil he lived, and raised  
 potatoes,  
 Barley, and oats, in the bothie where lived his  
 father before him ;  
 Yet was smith by trade, and had travelled making  
 horse-shoes  
 Far ; in the army had seen some service with  
 brave Sir Hector,  
 Wounded soon, and discharged, disabled as smith  
 and soldier ;  
 He had been many things since that,—drover,  
 schoolmaster,  
 Whitesmith,—but when his brother died childless  
 came up hither ;  
 And although he could get fine work that would  
 pay in the city,  
 Still was fain to abide where his father abode  
 before him.  
 And the lassies are bonnie,—I'm father and  
 mother to them,—  
 Bonnie and young ; they're healthier here, I judge,  
 and safer,  
 I myself find time for their reading, writing, and  
 learning.  
 So on the road they walk by the shore of the  
 salt sea water,  
 Silent a youth and maid, and elders twain con-  
 versing.  
 This was the letter that came when Adam was  
 leaving the cottage.

If you can manage to see me before going off to  
 Dartmoor,  
 Come by Tuesday's coach through Glencoe (you  
 have not seen it),  
 Stop at the ferry below, and ask your way (you  
 will wonder,  
 There however I am) to the Bothie of Tober-na-  
 vuolich.

And on another scrap, of next day's date, was  
 written :—  
 It was by accident purely I lit on the place ; I was  
 returning,  
 Quietly, travelling homeward by one of these  
 wretched coaches ;  
 One of the horses cast a shoe ; and a farmer passing  
 Said, Old David's your man ; a clever fellow at  
 shoeing  
 Once ; just here by the firs ; they call it Tober-  
 na-vuolich.  
 So I saw and spoke with David Mackaye, our  
 acquaintance.  
 When we came to the journey's end some five  
 miles farther,  
 In my unoccupied evening I walked back again to  
 the bothie.

But on a final crossing, still later in date, was  
 added :  
 Come as soon as you can ; be sure and do not  
 refuse me.  
 Who would have guessed I should find my haven  
 and end of my travel,  
 Here, by accident too, in the bothie we laughed  
 about so ?



Who would have guessed that here would be she  
     whose glance at Rannoch  
 Turned me in that mysterious way ; yes, angels  
     conspiring,  
 Slowly drew me, conducted me, home, to herself ;  
     the needle  
 Which in the shaken compass flew hither and  
     thither, at last, long  
 Quivering, poises to north. I think so. But I  
     am cautious :  
 More, at least, than I was in the old silly days  
     when I left you.  
     Not at the bothie now ; at the changehouse in  
     the clachan ;<sup>1</sup>  
 Why I delay my letter is more than I can tell  
     you.

There was another scrap, without or date or  
     comment,  
 Dotted over with various observations, as follows :  
 Only think, I had danced with her twice, and did  
     not remember.  
 I was as one that sleeps on the railway ; one, who  
     dreaming  
 Hears thro' his dream the name of his home shouted  
     out ; hears and hears not,—  
 Faint, and louder again, and less loud, dying in  
     distance ;  
 Dimly conscious, with something of inward debate  
     and choice,—and  
 Sense of claim and reality present, anon relapses

<sup>1</sup> Public-house in the hamlet.

Nevertheless, and continues the dream and fancy,  
while forward

Swiftly, remorseless, the car presses on, he knows  
not whither.

Handsome who handsome is, who handsome  
does is more so ;

Pretty is all very pretty, it's prettier far to be  
useful.

No, fair Lady Maria, I say not that ; but I *will*  
say,

Stately is service accepted, but lovelier service  
rendered,

Interchange of service the law and condition of  
beauty :

Any way beautiful only to be the thing one is  
meant for.

I, I am sure, for the sphere of mere ornament am  
not intended :

No, nor she, I think, thy sister at Tober-na-  
vuolich.

This was the letter of Philip, and this had brought  
the Tutor :

This is why Tutor and pupil are walking with  
David and Elspie.—

When for the night they part, and these, once  
more together,

Went by the lochside along to the changehouse  
near in the clachan,

Thus to his pupil anon commenced the grave man,  
Adam.

Yes, she is beautiful, Philip, beautiful even as  
morning :

Yes, it is that which I said, the Good and not the  
Attractive !

Happy is he that finds, and finding does not leave  
it !

Ten more days did Adam with Philip abide at  
the changehouse,

Ten more nights they met, they walked with father  
and daughter.

Ten more nights, and night by night more distant  
away were

Philip and she ; every night less heedful, by habit,  
the father.

Happy ten days, most happy : and, otherwise than  
intended,

Fortunate visit of Adam, companion and friend to  
David.

Happy ten days, be ye fruitful of happiness ! Pass  
o'er them slowly,

Slowly ; like cruse of the prophet be multiplied,  
even to ages !

Pass slowly o'er them, ye days of October ; ye  
soft misty mornings,

Long dusky eves ; pass slowly ; and thou, great  
Term-time of Oxford

Awful with lectures and books, and Little-goes, and  
Great-goes,

Till but the sweet bud be perfect, recede and  
retire for the lovers,

Yea, for the sweet love of lovers, postpone thyself  
even to doomsday !

Pass o'er them slowly, ye hours ! Be with  
them, ye Loves and Graces !

Indirect and evasive no longer, a cowardly  
 bather,  
 Clinging to bough and to rock, and sidling along  
 by the edges,  
 In your faith, ye Muses and Graces, who love the  
 plain present,  
 Scorning historic abridgment and artifice anti-  
 poetic,  
 In your faith, ye Muses and Loves, ye Loves and  
 Graces,  
 I will confront the great peril, and speak with the  
 mouth of the lovers,  
 As they spoke by the alders, at evening, the  
 runnel below them,  
 Elspie, a diligent knitter, and Philip her fingers  
 watching.

## VII

*Vesper adest, juvenes, consurgite : Vesper Olympo  
 Expectata diu vix tandem lumina tollit*

FOR she confessed, as they sat in the dusk, and  
 he saw not her blushes,  
 Elspie confessed at the sports long ago with her  
 father she saw him,  
 When at the door the old man had told him the  
 name of the bothie ;  
 Then after that at the dance ; yet again at a dance  
 in Rannoch—  
 And she was silent, confused. Confused much  
 rather Philip  
 Buried his face in his hands, his face that with  
 blood was bursting.

Silent, confused, yet by pity she conquered her  
fear, and continued.

Katie is good and not silly ; be comforted, Sir,  
about her ;

Katie is good and not silly ; tender, but not, like  
many,

Carrying off, and at once, for fear of being seen,  
in the bosom

Locking-up as in a cupboard the pleasure that any  
man gives them,

Keeping it out of sight as a prize they need be  
ashamed of ;

That is the way, I think, Sir, in England more  
than in Scotland ;

No, she lives and takes pleasure in all, as in  
beautiful weather,

Sorry to lose it, but just as we would be to lose  
fine weather.

And she is strong to return to herself and feel  
undeserted,

Oh, she is strong, and not silly : she thinks no  
further about you ;

She has had kerchiefs before from gentle, I know,  
as from simple.

Yes, she is good and not silly ; yet were you  
wrong, Mr. Philip,

Wrong, for yourself perhaps more than for her.

But Philip replied not,

Raised not his eyes from the hands on his knees.

And Elspie continued.

That was what gave me much pain, when I met  
you that dance at Rannoch,

Dancing myself too with you, while Katie danced  
 with Donald ;  
 That was what gave me such pain ; I thought it  
 all a mistaking,  
 All a mere chance, you know, and accident,—not  
 proper choosing,—  
 There were at least five or six—not there, no,  
 that I don't say,  
 But in the country about—you might just as well  
 have been courting  
 That was what gave me much pain, and (you  
 won't remember that, though),  
 Three days after, I met you, beside my uncle's,  
 walking,  
 And I was wondering much, and hoped you  
 wouldn't notice,  
 So as I passed I couldn't help looking. You  
 didn't know me.  
 But I was glad, when I heard next day you were  
 gone to the teacher.  
 And uplifting his face at last, with eyes dilated,  
 Large as great stars in mist, and dim, with  
 dabbled lashes,  
 Philip, with new tears starting,  
 You think I do not remember,  
 Said,—suppose that I did not observe ! Ah me,  
 shall I tell you ?  
 Elspie, it was your look that sent me away from  
 Rannoch.  
 It was your glance, that, descending, an instant  
 revelation,  
 Showed me where I was, and whitherward going ;  
 recalled me,

Sent me, not to my books, but to wrestlings of  
thought in the mountains.

Yes, I have carried your glance within me un-  
dimmed, unaltered,

As a lost boat the compass some passing ship has  
lent her,

Many a weary mile on road, and hill, and moor-  
land :

And you suppose that I do not remember, I had  
not observed it !

O, did the sailor bewildered observe when they  
told him his bearings ?

O, did he cast overboard, when they parted, the  
compass they gave him ?

And he continued more firmly, although with  
stronger emotion :

Elspie, why should I speak it ? you cannot  
believe it, and should not :

Why should I say that I love, which I all but said  
to another ?

Yet should I dare, should I say, O Elspie, you  
only I love ; you,

First and sole in my life that has been and surely  
that shall be ;

Could—O, could you believe it, O Elspie, believe  
it and spurn not ?

Is it—possible,—possible, Elspie ?

Well,—she answered,

And she was silent some time, and blushed all  
over, and answered

Quietly, after her fashion, still knitting, Maybe,  
I think of it,

Though I don't know that I did : and she paused  
 again ; but it may be,  
 Yes,—I don't know, Mr. Philip,—but only it feels  
 to me strangely,  
 Like to the high new bridge, they used to build  
 at, below there,  
 Over the burn and glen on the road. You won't  
 understand me.  
 But I keep saying in my mind—this long time  
 slowly with trouble  
 I have been building myself, up, up, and toilfully  
 raising,  
 Just like as if the bridge were to do it itself with-  
 out masons,  
 Painfully getting myself upraised one stone on  
 another,  
 All one side I mean ; and now I see on the other  
 Just such another fabric uprising, better and  
 stronger,  
 Close to me, coming to join me : and then I some-  
 times fancy,—  
 Sometimes I find myself dreaming at nights about  
 arches and bridges,—  
 Sometimes I dream of a great invisible hand  
 coming down, and  
 Dropping the great key-stone in the middle : there  
 in my dreaming,  
 There I felt the great key-stone coming in, and  
 through it  
 Feel the other part—all the other stones of the  
 archway,  
 Joined into mine with a strange happy sense of  
 completeness. But, dear me,



This is confusion and nonsense. I mix all the things I can think of.

And you won't understand, Mr. Philip.

But while she was speaking,  
So it happened, a moment she paused from her work, and pondering,

Laid her hand on her lap: Philip took it: she did not resist:

So he retained her fingers, the knitting being stopped. But emotion

Came all over her more and yet more from his hand, from her heart, and

Most from the sweet idea and image her brain was renewing.

So he retained her hand, and, his tears down-dropping on it,

Trembling a long time, kissed it at last. And she ended.

And as she ended, uprose he: saying, What have I heard? Oh,

What have I done, that such words should be said to me? Oh, I see it,

See the great key-stone coming down from the heaven of heavens;

And he fell at her feet, and buried his face in her apron.

But as under the moon and stars they went to the cottage,

Elspie sighed and said, Be patient, dear Mr. Philip;

Do not do anything hasty. It is all so soon, so sudden.

Do not say anything yet to any one.

Elspie, he answered,  
Does not my friend go on Friday? I then shall  
see nothing of you.

Do not I go myself on Monday?

But oh, he said, Elspie!  
Do as I bid you, my child: do not go on calling  
me Mr.;

Might I not just as well be calling you Miss  
Elspie?

Call me, this heavenly night for once, for the first  
time, Philip.

Philip, she said, and laughed, and said she  
could not say it;

Philip, she said; he turned, and kissed the sweet  
lips as they said it.

But on the morrow Elspie kept out of the way  
of Philip:

And at the evening seat, when he took her hand  
by the alders,

Drew it back, saying, almost peevishly,

No, Mr. Philip,  
I was quite right, last night; it is too soon, too  
sudden.

What I told you before was foolish perhaps, was  
hasty.

When I think it over, I am shocked and terrified  
at it.

Not that at all I unsay it; that is, I know I said  
it,

And when I said it, felt it. But oh, we must wait,  
Mr. Philip!

We mustn't pull ourselves at the great key-stone  
of the centre :

Some one else up above must hold it, fit it, and  
fix it ;

If we try ourselves, we shall only damage the  
archway,

Damage all our own work that we wrought, our  
painful upbuilding.

When, you remember, you took my hand last  
evening, talking,

I was all over a tremble : and as you pressed the  
fingers

After, and afterwards kissed them, I could not  
speak. And then, too,

As we went home, you kissed me for saying your  
name. It was dreadful.

I have been kissed before, she added, blushing  
slightly,

I have been kissed more than once by Donald my  
cousin, and others ;

It is the way of the lads, and I make up my mind  
not to mind it ;

But, Mr. Philip, last night, and from you, it was  
different, quite, Sir.

When I think of all that, I am shocked and  
terrified at it.

Yes, it is dreadful to me.

She paused, but quickly continued,  
Smiling almost fiercely, continued, looking upward.  
You are too strong, you see, Mr. Philip ! just like  
the sea there,

Which *will* come, through the straits and all  
between the mountains

Forcing its great strong tide into every nook and  
     inlet,  
 Getting far in, up the quiet stream of sweet inland  
     water,  
 Sucking it up, and stopping it, turning it, driving  
     it backward,  
 Quite preventing its own quiet running : and then,  
     soon after,  
 Back it goes off, leaving weeds on the shore, and  
     wrack and uncleanness :  
 And the poor burn in the glen tries again its  
     peaceful running,  
 But it is brackish and tainted, and all its banks in  
     disorder.  
 That was what I dreamt all last night. I was the  
     burnie,  
 Trying to get along through the tyrannous brine,  
     and could not :  
 I was confined and squeezed in the coils of the  
     great salt tide, that  
 Would mix-in itself with me, and change me ; I  
     felt myself changing ;  
 And I struggled, and screamed, I believe, in my  
     dream. It was dreadful.  
 You are too strong, Mr. Philip ! I am but a poor  
     slender burnie,  
 Used to the glens and the rocks, the rowan and  
     birch of the woodies,  
 Quite unused to the great salt sea ; quite afraid  
     and unwilling.  
     Ere she had spoken two words, had Philip  
         released her fingers ;

As she went on, he recoiled, fell back, and shook  
and shivered ;

There he stood, looking pale and ghastly ; when  
she had ended,

Answering in hollow voice,

It is true ; oh, quite true, Elspie ;  
Oh, you are always right ; oh, what, what have I  
been doing ?

I will depart to-morrow. But oh, forget me not  
wholly,

Wholly, Elspie, nor hate me ; no, do not hate me,  
my Elspie.

But a revulsion passed through the brain and  
bosom of Elspie ;

And she got up from her seat on the rock, putting  
by her knitting ;

Went to him, where he stood, and answered :

No, Mr. Philip,  
No, you are good, Mr. Philip, and gentle ; and I  
am the foolish :

No, Mr. Philip, forgive me.

She stepped right to him, and boldly  
Took up his hand, and placed it in hers : he dared  
no movement ;

Took up the cold hanging hand, up-forcing the  
heavy elbow.

I am afraid, she said, but I will ; and kissed the  
fingers.

And he fell on his knees and kissed her own past  
counting.

But a revulsion wrought in the brain and bosom  
of Elspie ;

And the passion she just had compared to the  
vehement ocean,  
Urging in high spring-tide its masterful way  
through the mountains,  
Forcing and flooding the silvery stream, as it runs  
from the inland ;  
That great power withdrawn, receding here and  
passive,  
Felt she in myriad springs, her sources far in the  
mountains,  
Stirring, collecting, rising, upheaving, forth-out-  
flowing,  
Taking and joining, right welcome, that delicate  
rill in the valley,  
Filling it, making it strong, and still descending,  
seeking,  
With a blind forefeeling descending ever, and  
seeking,  
With a delicious forefeeling, the great still sea  
before it ;  
There deep into it, far, to carry, and lose in its  
bosom,  
Waters that still from their sources exhaustless  
are fain to be added.

As he was kissing her fingers, and knelt on the  
ground before her,  
Yielding backward she sank to her seat, and of  
what she was doing  
Ignorant, bewildered, in sweet multitudinous vague  
emotion,  
Stooping, knowing not what, put her lips to the  
hair on his forehead :

And Philip, raising himself, gently, for the first  
 time round her  
 Passing his arms, close, close, enfolded her, close  
 to his bosom.  
 As they went home by the moon, Forgive me,  
 Philip, she whispered ;  
 I have so many things to think of, all of a sudden ;  
 I who had never once thought a thing,—in my  
 ignorant Highlands.

## VIII

*Jam veniet virgo, jam dicetur Hymenæus*

BUT a revulsion again came over the spirit of  
 Elspie,  
 When she thought of his wealth, his birth and  
 education :  
 Wealth indeed but small, though to her a difference  
 truly ;  
 Father nor mother had Philip, a thousand pounds  
 his portion,  
 Somewhat impaired in a world where nothing is  
 had for nothing ;  
 Fortune indeed but small, and prospects plain and  
 simple.  
 But the many things that he knew, and the  
 ease of a practised  
 Intellect's motion, and all those indefinable  
 graces  
 (Were they not hers, too, Philip ?) to speech, and  
 manner, and movement,

Lent by the knowledge of self, and wisely in-  
 structed feeling,—  
 When she thought of these, and these contemplated  
 daily,  
 Daily appreciating more, and more exactly ap-  
 praising,—  
 With these thoughts, and the terror withal of a  
 thing she could not  
 Estimate, and of a step (such a step!) in the  
 dark to be taken,  
 Terror nameless and ill-understood of deserting  
 her station,—  
 Daily heavier, heavier upon her pressed the  
 sorrow,  
 Daily distincter, distincter within her arose the  
 conviction,  
 He was too high, too perfect, and she so unfit, so  
 unworthy  
 (Ah me! Philip, that ever a word such as that  
 should be written!),  
 It would do neither for him nor for her; she also  
 was something,  
 Not much indeed, it was true, yet not to be  
 lightly extinguished.  
 Should *he—he*, she said, have a wife beneath him!  
 herself be  
 An inferior there where only equality can be?  
 It would do neither for him nor for her.  
Alas for Philip!
 Many were tears and great was perplexity. Nor  
 had availed then  
 All his prayer and all his device. But much was  
 spoken



Now, between Adam and Elspie: companions  
 were they hourly :  
 Much by Elspie to Adam, inquiring, anxiously  
 seeking,  
 From his experience seeking impartial accurate  
 statement  
 What it was to do this or do that, go hither or  
 thither,  
 How in the after-life would seem what now seem-  
 ing certain  
 Might so soon be reversed ; in her quest and  
 obscure exploring  
 Still from that quiet orb soliciting light to her  
 footsteps ;  
 Much by Elspie to Adam, inquiringly, eagerly  
 seeking :  
 Much by Adam to Elspie, informing, reassuring,  
 Much that was sweet to Elspie, by Adam heed-  
 fully speaking,  
 Quietly, indirectly, in general terms, of Philip,  
 Gravely, but indirectly, not as incognisant wholly,  
 But as suspending until she should seek it, direct  
 intimation ;  
 Much that was sweet in her heart of what he was  
 and would be,  
 Much that was strength to her mind, confirming  
 beliefs and insights  
 Pure and unfaltering, but young and mute and  
 timid for action :  
 Much of relations of rich and poor, and of true  
 education.  
 It was on Saturday eve, in the gorgeous bright  
 October,

Then when brackens are changed, and heather  
blossoms are faded,  
And amid russet of heather and fern green trees  
are bonnie ;  
Alders are green, and oaks ; the rowan scarlet  
and yellow ;  
One great glory of broad gold pieces appears the  
aspen,  
And the jewels of gold that were hung in the hair  
of the birch-tree,  
Pendulous, here and there, her coronet, necklace,  
and ear-rings,  
Cover her now, o'er and o'er ; she is weary and  
scatters them from her.  
There, upon Saturday eve, in the gorgeous bright  
October,  
Under the alders knitting, gave Elspie her troth  
to Philip,  
For as they talked, anon she said,  
It is well, Mr. Philip.  
Yes, it is well : I have spoken, and learnt a deal  
with the teacher.  
At the last I told him all, I could not help it ;  
And it came easier with him than could have been  
with my father ;  
And he calmly approved, as one that had fully  
considered.  
Yes, it is well, I have hoped, though quite too  
great and sudden ;  
I am so fearful, I think it ought not to be for  
years yet.  
I am afraid ; but believe in you ; and I trust to  
the teacher ;

You have done all things gravely and temperate,  
not as in passion ;

And the teacher is prudent, and surely can tell  
what is likely.

What my father will say, I know not ; we will  
obey him :

But for myself, I could dare to believe all well,  
and venture.

O Mr. Philip, may it never hereafter seem to be  
different !

And she hid her face—

Oh, where, but in Philip's bosom !

After some silence, some tears too perchance,  
Philip laughed, and said to her,

So, my own Elspie, at last you are clear that  
I'm bad enough for you.

Ah ! but your father won't make one half the  
question about it

You have—he'll think me, I know, nor better nor  
worse than Donald,

Neither better nor worse for my gentlemanship  
and bookwork,

Worse, I fear, as he knows me an idle and vaga-  
bond fellow,

Though he allows, but he'll think it was all for  
your sake, Elspie,

Though he allows I did some good at the end of  
the shearing.

But I had thought in Scotland you didn't care for  
this folly.

How I wish, he said, you had lived all your days  
in the Highlands !

This is what comes of the year you spent in our  
foolish England.

You do not all of you feel these fancies.

No, she answered.

And in her spirit the freedom and ancient joy was  
reviving.

No, she said, and uplifted herself, and looked for  
her knitting,

No, nor do I, dear Philip, I don't myself feel  
always

As I have felt, more sorrow for me, these four  
days lately,

Like the Peruvian Indians I read about last winter,  
Out in America there, in somebody's life of Pizarro;  
Who were as good perhaps as the Spaniards; only  
weaker;

And that the one big tree might spread its root  
and branches,

All the lesser about it must even be felled and  
perish.

No, I feel much more as if I, as well as you, were,  
Somewhere, a leaf on the one great tree, that, up  
from old time

Growing, contains in itself the whole of the virtue  
and life of

Bygone days, drawing now to itself all kindreds  
and nations

And must have for itself the whole world for its  
root and branches.

No, I belong to the tree, I shall not decay in the  
shadow;

Yes, and I feel the life-juices of all the world and  
the ages,

Coming to me as to you, more slowly no doubt  
and poorer :

You are more near, but then you will help to  
convey them to me.

No, don't smile, Philip, now, so scornfully ! While  
you look so

Scornful and strong, I feel as if I were standing  
and trembling,

Fancying the burn in the dark a wide and rush-  
ing river ;

And I feel coming unto me from you, or it may  
be from elsewhere,

Strong contemptuous resolve ; I forget, and I  
bound as across it.

But after all, you know, it may be a dangerous  
river.

Oh, if it were so, Elspie, he said, I can carry  
you over.

Nay, she replied, you would tire of having me  
for a burden.

O sweet burden, he said, and are you not light  
as a feather ?

But it is deep, very likely, she said, over head and  
ears too.

O let us try, he answered, the waters themselves  
will support us,

Yea, very ripples and waves will form to a boat  
underneath us ;

There is a boat, he said, and a name is written  
upon it,

Love, he said, and kissed her.—

But I will read your books, though,  
Said she : you'll leave me some, Philip ?

Not I, replied he, a volume.  
This is the way with you all, I perceive, high and  
low together.

Women must read, as if they didn't know all before-  
hand:

Weary of plying the pump, we turn to the running  
water,

And the running spring will needs have a pump  
built upon it.

Weary and sick of our books, we come to repose  
in your eyelight,

As to the woodland and water, the freshness and  
beauty of Nature.

Lo, you will talk, forsooth, of things we are sick  
to the death of.

What, she said, and if I have let you become  
my sweetheart,

I am to read no books! but you may go your  
ways then,

And I will read, she said, with my father at home  
as I used to.

If you must have it, he said, I myself will read  
them to you.

Well, she said, but no, I will read to myself,  
when I choose it;

What, you suppose we never read anything here  
in our Highlands,

Bella and I with the father, in all our winter  
evenings!

But we must go, Mr. Philip—

I shall not go at all, said

He, if you call me Mr. Thank heaven! that's  
over for ever.

No, but it's not, she said, it is not over, nor will be.

Was it not then, she asked, the name I called you first by?

No, Mr. Philip, no—you have kissed me enough for two nights;

No—come, Philip, come, or I'll go myself without you.

You never call me Philip, he answered, until I kiss you.

As they went home by the moon that waning now rose later,

Stepping through mossy stones by the runnel under the alders,

Loitering unconsciously, Philip, she said, I will not be a lady;

We will do work together—you do not wish me a lady.

It is a weakness perhaps and a foolishness; still it is so;

I have been used all my life to help myself and others;

I could not bear to sit and be waited on by footmen, No, not even by women—

And God forbid, he answered, God forbid you should ever be aught but yourself, my Elspie!

As for service, I love it not, I; your weakness is mine too,

I am sure Adam told you as much as that about me.

I am sure, she said, he called you wild and flighty.

That was true, he said, till my wings were  
 clipped. But, my Elspie,  
 You will at least just go and see my uncle and  
 cousins,  
 Sister, and brother, and brother's wife. You  
 should go, if you liked it,  
 Just as you are ; just what you are, at any rate,  
 my Elspie.  
 Yes, we will go, and give the old solemn gentility  
 stage-play  
 One little look, to leave it with all the more  
 satisfaction.

That may be, my Philip, she said ; you are  
 good to think of it.  
 But we are letting our fancies run on indeed ; after  
 all, it  
 May all come, you know, Mr. Philip, to nothing  
 whatever,  
 There is so much that needs to be done, so much  
 that may happen.

All that needs to be done, said he, shall be  
 done, and quickly.  
 And on the morrow he took good heart, and  
 spoke with David.  
 Not unwarned the father, nor had been unperceiv-  
 ing :  
 Fearful much, but in all from the first reassured  
 by the Tutor.  
 And he remembered how he had fancied the lad  
 from the first ; and  
 Then, too, the old man's eye was much more for  
 inner than outer,



And the natural tune of his heart without mis-  
giving

Went to the noble words of that grand song of the  
Lowlands,

*Rank is the guinea stamp, but the man's a man for  
a' that.*

Still he was doubtful, would hear nothing of it  
now, but insisted

Philip should go to his books; if he chose, he  
might write; if after

Chose to return, might come; he truly believed  
him honest.

But a year must elapse, and many things might  
happen.

Yet at the end he burst into tears, called Elspie,  
and blessed them:

Elspie, my bairn, he said, I thought not when at  
the doorway

Standing with you, and telling the young man  
where he would find us,

I did not think he would one day be asking me  
here to surrender

What is to me more than wealth in my Bothie of  
Tober-na-vuolich.

IX

*Arva, beata Petamus arva!*

So on the morrow's morrow, with Term-time dread  
returning,

Philip returned to his books, and read, and remained  
at Oxford,

All the Christmas and Easter remained and read  
at Oxford.

Great was wonder in College when postman  
showed to butler

Letters addressed to David Mackaye, at Tober-na-  
vuolich,

Letter on letter, at least one a week, one every  
Sunday :

Great at that Highland post was wonder too and  
conjecture,

When the postman showed letters to wife, and wife  
to the lassies,

And the lassies declared they couldn't be really to  
David ;

Yes, they could see inside a paper with E. upon  
it.

Great was surmise in College at breakfast, wine,  
and supper,

Keen the conjecture and joke ; but Adam kept the  
secret,

Adam the secret kept, and Philip read like fury.

This is a letter written by Philip at Christmas  
to Adam.

There may be beings, perhaps, whose vocation it  
is to be idle,

Idle, sumptuous even, luxurious, if it must be :

Only let each man seek to be that for which nature  
meant him.

If you were meant to plough, Lord Marquis, out  
with you, and do it ;

If you were meant to be idle, O beggar, behold, I  
will feed you.

If you were born for a groom, and you seem, by  
     your dress, to believe so,  
 Do it like a man, Sir George, for pay, in a livery  
     stable ;  
 Yes, you may so release that slip of a boy at the  
     corner,  
 Fingering books at the window, misdoubting the  
     eighth commandment.  
 Ah, fair Lady Maria, God meant you to live and  
     be lovely ;  
 Be so then, and I bless you. But ye, ye spurious  
     ware, who  
 Might be plain women, and can be by no possibility  
     better !  
 —Ye unhappy statuettes, and miserable trinkets,  
 Poor alabaster chimney-piece ornaments under  
     glass cases,  
 Come, in God's name, come down ! the very  
     French clock by you  
 Puts you to shame with ticking ; the fire-irons  
     deride you.  
 You, young girl, who have had such advantages,  
     learnt so quickly,  
 Can you not teach ? O yes, and she likes Sunday-  
     school extremely,  
 Only it's soon in the morning. Away ! if to teach  
     be your calling,  
 It is no play, but a business : off ! go teach and  
     be paid for it.  
 Lady Sophia's so good to the sick, so firm and so  
     gentle.  
 Is there a nobler sphere than of hospital nurse and  
     matron ?

Hast thou for cooking a turn, little Lady Clarissa ?  
     in with them,  
 In with your fingers ! their beauty it spoils, but  
     your own it enhances,  
 For it is beautiful only to do the thing we are  
     meant for.

    This was the answer that came from the Tutor,  
     the grave man, Adam.  
 When the armies are set in array, and the battle  
     beginning,  
 Is it well that the soldier whose post is far to the  
     leftward  
 Say, I will go to the right, it is there I shall do  
     best service ?

There is a great Field-Marshal, my friend, who  
     arrays our battalions ;  
 Let us to Providence trust, and abide and work in  
     our stations.

    This was the final retort from the eager, im-  
     petuous Philip.  
 I am sorry to say your Providence puzzles me  
     sadly ;  
 Children of Circumstance are we to be ? you answer,  
     On no wise !  
 Where does Circumstance end, and Providence,  
     where begins it ?  
 What are we to resist, and what are we to be friends  
     with ?  
 If there is battle, 'tis battle by night, I stand in  
     the darkness,  
 Here in the mêlée of men, Ionian and Dorian on  
     both sides,

Signal and password known ; which is friend and  
which is foeman ?

Is it a friend ? I doubt, though he speak with the  
voice of a brother.

Still you are right, I suppose ; you always are, and  
will be ;

Though I mistrust the Field-Marshal, I bow to the  
duty of order.

Yet is my feeling rather to ask, where *is* the battle ?

Yes, I could find in my heart to cry, notwithstanding  
my Elspie,

O that the armies indeed were arrayed ! O joy  
of the onset !

Sound, thou Trumpet of God, come forth, Great  
Cause, to array us,

King and leader appear, thy soldiers sorrowing  
seek thee.

Would that the armies indeed were arrayed, O  
where is the battle !

Neither battle I see, nor arraying, nor King in  
Israel,

Only infinite jumble and mess and dislocation,  
Backed by a solemn appeal, ' For God's sake, do  
not stir, there ! '

Yet you are right, I suppose ; if you don't attack  
my conclusion,

Let us get on as we can, and do the thing we are  
fit for ;

Every one for himself, and the common success  
for us all, and

Thankful, if not for our own, why then for the  
triumph of others,

Get along, each as we can, and do the thing we  
are meant for.

That isn't likely to be by sitting still, eating and  
drinking.

These are fragments again without date ad-  
dressed to Adam.

As at return of tide the total weight of ocean,  
Drawn by moon and sun from Labrador and  
Greenland,

Sets-in amain, in the open space betwixt Mull  
and Scarba,

Heaving, swelling, spreading the might of the  
mighty Atlantic ;

There into cranny and slit of the rocky, cavernous  
bottom

Settles down, and with dimples huge the smooth  
sea-surface

Eddies, coils, and whirls ; by dangerous Corry-  
vreckan :

So in my soul of souls, through its cells and secret  
recesses,

Comes back, swelling and spreading, the old  
democratic fervour.

But as the light of day enters some populous  
city,

Shaming away, ere it come, by the chilly day-  
streak signal,

High and low, the misusers of night, shaming out  
the gas-lamps—

All the great empty streets are flooded with  
broadening clearness,

Which, withal, by inscrutable simultaneous access

Permeates far and pierces to the very cellars  
 lying in  
 Narrow high back-lane, and court, and alley of  
 alleys:—  
 He that goes forth to his walks, while speeding  
 to the suburb,  
 Sees sights only peaceful and pure: as labourers  
 settling  
 Slowly to work, in their limbs the lingering sweet-  
 ness of slumber;  
 Humble market-carts, coming in, bringing in, not  
 only  
 Flower, fruit, farm-store, but sounds and sights of  
 the country  
 Dwelling yet on the sense of the dreamy drivers;  
 soon after  
 Half-awake servant - maids unfastening drowsy  
 shutters  
 Up at the windows, or down, letting-in the air by  
 the doorway;  
 School-boys, school-girls soon, with slate, portfolio,  
 satchel,  
 Hampered as they haste, those running, these  
 others maidenly tripping;  
 Early clerk anon turning out to stroll, or it may  
 be  
 Meet his sweetheart—waiting behind the garden  
 gate there;  
 Merchant on his grass-plat haply bare-headed;  
 and now by this time  
 Little child bringing breakfast to ‘father’ that sits  
 on the timber

There by the scaffolding ; see, she waits for the  
can beside him ;

Meantime above purer air untarnished of new-lit  
fires :

So that the whole great wicked artificial civilised  
fabric—

All its unfinished houses, lots for sale, and railway  
out-works—

Seems reaccepted, resumed to Primal Nature and  
Beauty :—

—Such—in me, and to me, and on me the love  
of Elspie !

Philip returned to his books, but returned to  
his Highlands after ;

Got a first, 'tis said ; a winsome bride, 'tis certain.  
There while courtship was ending, nor yet the  
wedding appointed,

Under her father he studied the handling of hoe  
and of hatchet :

Thither that summer succeeding came Adam and  
Arthur to see him

Down by the lochs from the distant Glenmorison ;  
Adam the Tutor,

Arthur, and Hope ; and the Piper anon who was  
there for a visit ;

He had been into the schools ; plucked almost ;  
all but a *gone-coon* ;

So he declared ; never once had brushed up his  
*hairy* Aldrich ;

Into the great might-have-been upsoaring sublime  
and ideal

Gave to historical questions a free poetical treat-  
ment ;



Leaving vocabular ghosts undisturbed in their  
lexicon-limbo,  
Took Aristophanes up at a shot ; and the whole  
three last weeks  
Went, in his life and the sunshine rejoicing, to  
Nuneham and Godstowe :  
What were the claims of Degree to those of life  
and the sunshine ?  
There did the four find Philip, the poet, the  
speaker, the Chartist,  
Delving at Highland soil, and railing at Highland  
landlords,  
Railing, but more, as it seemed, for the fun of the  
Piper's fury.  
There saw they David and Elspie Mackaye, and  
the Piper was almost,  
Almost deeply in love with Bella the sister of  
Elspie ;  
But the good Adam was heedful : they did not go  
too often.  
There in the bright October, the gorgeous bright  
October,  
When the brackens are changed, and heather  
blossoms are faded,  
And amid russet of heather and fern green trees  
are bonnie,  
Alders are green, and oaks, the rowan scarlet and  
yellow,  
Heavy the aspen, and heavy with jewels of gold  
the birch-tree,  
There, when shearing had ended, and barley-  
stooks were garnered,

David gave Philip to wife his daughter, his darling  
Elspie ;

Elspie the quiet, the brave, was wedded to Philip  
the poet.

So won Philip his bride. They are married  
and gone—But oh, Thou

Mighty one, Muse of great Epos, and Idyll the  
playful and tender,

Be it recounted in song, ere we part, and thou fly  
to thy Pindus,

(Pindus is it, O Muse, or Ætna, or even Ben-  
nevis ?)

Be it recounted in song, O Muse of the Epos and  
Idyll,

Who gave what at the wedding, the gifts and fair  
gratulations.

Adam, the grave careful Adam, a medicine  
chest and tool-box,

Hope a saddle, and Arthur a plough, and the  
Piper a rifle,

Airlie a necklace for Elspie, and Hobbes a Family  
Bible,

Airlie a necklace, and Hobbes a Bible and iron  
bedstead.

What was the letter, O Muse, sent withal by  
the corpulent hero ?

This is the letter of Hobbes the kilted and  
corpulent hero.

So the last speech and confession is made, O  
my eloquent speaker !

So *the good time is coming*, or come is it ? O  
my Chartist !

So the cathedral is finished at last, O my Pugin  
of women ;

Finished, and now, is it true ? to be taken out  
whole to New Zealand !

Well, go forth to thy field, to thy barley, with  
Ruth, O Boaz,

Ruth, who for thee hath deserted her people, her  
gods, her mountains.

Go, as in Ephrath of old, in the gate of Bethlehem  
said they,

Go, be the wife in thy house both Rachel and  
Leah unto thee ;

Be thy wedding of silver, albeit of iron thy bed-  
stead !

Yea, to the full golden fifty renewed be ! and fair  
memoranda

Happily fill the fly-leaves duly left in the Family  
Bible.

Live, and when Hobbes is forgotten, may'st thou,  
an unroasted Grandsire,

See thy children's children, and Democracy upon  
New Zealand !

This was the letter of Hobbes, and this the  
postscript after.

Wit in the letter will prate, but wisdom speaks in  
a postscript ;

Listen to wisdom—*Which things*—you perhaps  
didn't know, my dear fellow,

I have reflected ; *Which things are an allegory*,  
Philip.

For this Rachel-and-Leah is marriage ; which, I  
have seen it,

Lo, and have known it, is always, and must be,  
     bigamy only,  
 Even in noblest kind a duality, compound, and  
     complex,  
 One part heavenly-ideal, the other vulgar and  
     earthy :  
 For this Rachel-and-Leah is marriage, and Laban,  
     their father,  
 Circumstance, chance, the world, our uncle and  
     hard task-master.  
 Rachel we found as we fled from the daughters of  
     Heth by the desert ;  
 Rachel we met at the well ; we came, we saw, we  
     kissed her ;  
 Rachel we serve-for, long years,—that seem as a  
     few days only,  
 E'en for the love we have to her,—and win her at  
     last of Laban.  
 Is it not Rachel we take in our joy from the hand  
     of her father ?  
 Is it not Rachel we lead in the mystical veil from  
     the altar ?  
 Rachel we dream-of at night : in the morning,  
     behold, it is Leah.  
 'Nay, it is custom,' saith Laban, the Leah indeed  
     is the elder.  
 Happy and wise who consents to redouble his  
     service to Laban,  
 So, fulfilling her week, he may add to the elder  
     the younger,  
 Not repudiates Leah, but wins the Rachel unto her !  
 Neither hate thou thy Leah, my Jacob, she also  
     is worthy ;

So, many days shall thy Rachel have joy, and  
survive her sister ;

Yea, and her children—*Which things are an  
allegory*, Philip,

Aye, and by Origen's head with a vengeance truly,  
a long one !

This was a note from the Tutor, the grave man,  
nick-named Adam.

I shall see you of course, my Philip, before your  
departure.

Joy be with you, my boy, with you and your  
beautiful Elspie.

Happy is he that found, and finding was not  
heedless ;

Happy is he that found, and happy the friend  
that was with him.

So won Philip his bride :—

They are married and gone to New Zealand.  
Five hundred pounds in pocket, with books, and  
two or three pictures,

Tool-box, plough, and the rest, they rounded the  
sphere to New Zealand.

There he hewed, and dug ; subdued the earth and  
his spirit ;

There he built him a home ; there Elspie bare  
him his children,

David and Bella ; perhaps ere this too an Elspie  
or Adam ;

There hath he farmstead and land, and fields of  
corn and flax fields ;

And the Antipodes too have a Bothie of Tober-na-  
vuolich.



EARLY POEMS





## REVIVAL

So I went wrong,  
Grievously wrong, but folly crushed itself,  
And vanity o'ertoppling fell, and time  
And healthy discipline and some neglect,  
Labour and solitary hours revived  
Somewhat, at least, of that original frame.  
Oh, well do I remember then the days  
When on some grassy slope (what time the sun  
Was sinking, and the solemn eve came down  
With its blue vapour upon field and wood  
And elm-embosomed spire) once more again  
I fed on sweet emotion, and my heart  
With love o'erflowed, or hushed itself in fear  
Unearthly, yea celestial. Once again  
My heart was hot within me, and, me seemed,  
I too had in my body breath to wind  
The magic horn of song ; I too possessed  
Up-welling in my being's depths a fount  
Of the true poet-nectar whence to fill  
The golden urns of verse.

## IN A LECTURE-ROOM

AWAY, haunt thou not me,  
Thou vain Philosophy !  
Little hast thou bestead,  
Save to perplex the head,  
And leave the spirit dead.  
Unto thy broken cisterns wherefore go,  
While from the secret treasure-depths below,  
Fed by the skiey shower,  
And clouds that sink and rest on hill-tops high,  
Wisdom at once, and Power,  
Are welling, bubbling forth, unseen, incessantly ?  
Why labour at the dull mechanic oar,  
When the fresh breeze is blowing,  
And the strong current flowing,  
Right onward to the Eternal Shore ?

## A SONG OF AUTUMN

My wind is turned to bitter north,  
That was so soft a south before ;  
My sky, that shone so sunny bright,  
With foggy gloom is clouded o'er :  
My gay green leaves are yellow-black,  
Upon the dank autumnal floor ;  
For love, departed once, comes back  
No more again, no more.

A roofless ruin lies my home,  
For winds to blow and rains to pour ;  
One frosty night befell, and lo !  
I find my summer days are o'er :  
The heart bereaved, of why and how  
Unknowing, knows that yet before  
It had what e'en to Memory now  
Returns no more, no more.

*τὸ καλόν*

I HAVE seen higher, holier things than these,  
 And therefore must to these refuse my heart,  
 Yet am I panting for a little ease ;  
 I'll take, and so depart.

Ah, hold ! the heart is prone to fall away,  
 Her high and cherished visions to forget,  
 And if thou takest, how wilt thou repay  
 So vast, so dread a debt ?

How will the heart, which now thou trustest,  
 then  
 Corrupt, yet in corruption mindful yet,  
 Turn with sharp stings upon itself ! Again,  
 Bethink thee of the debt !

—Hast thou seen higher, holier things than  
 these,  
 And therefore must to these thy heart refuse ?  
 With the true best, alack, how ill agrees  
 • That best that thou would'st choose !

The Summum Pulchrum rests in heaven above ;  
 Do thou, as best thou may'st, thy duty do :  
 Amid the things allowed thee live and love ;  
 Some day thou shalt it view.

*Χρυσέα κλής ἐπὶ γλώσσα*

IF, when in cheerless wanderings, dull and cold,  
A sense of human kindliness hath found us,  
    We seem to have around us  
    An atmosphere all gold,  
'Midst darkest shades a halo rich of shine,  
An element, that while the bleak wind bloweth,  
    On the rich heart bestoweth  
    Imbreathèd draughts of wine ;  
Heaven guide, the cup be not, as chance may be,  
To some vain mate given up as soon as tasted !  
    No, nor on thee be wasted,  
    Thou trifler, Poesy !  
Heaven grant the manlier heart, that timely, ere  
Youth fly, with life's real tempest would be coping ;  
    The fruit of dreamy hoping  
    Is, waking, blank despair.

# THE MUSIC OF THE WORLD AND OF THE SOUL

## I

WHY should I say I see the things I see not ?  
     Why be and be not ?  
 Show love for that I love not, and fear for what I  
     fear not ?  
 And dance about to music that I hear not ?  
     Who standeth still i' the street  
     Shall be hustled and jostled about ;  
 And he that stops i' the dance shall be spurned  
     by the dancers' feet,—  
 Shall be shoved and be twisted by all he shall  
     meet,  
     And shall raise up an outcry and rout ;  
     And the partner, too,—  
     What's the partner to do ?  
 While all the while 'tis but, perchance, an hum-  
     ming in mine ear,  
     That yet anon shall hear,  
     And I anon, the music in my soul,  
     In a moment read the whole ;  
     The music in my heart,  
     Joyously take my part,

And hand in hand, and heart with heart, with  
these retreat, advance ;  
And borne on wings of wavy sound,  
Whirl with these around, around,  
Who here are living in the living dance !  
Why forfeit that fair chance ?  
Till that arrive, till thou awake,  
Of these, my soul, thy music make,  
And keep amid the throng,  
And turn as they shall turn, and bound as they  
are bounding,—  
Alas ! alas ! alas ! and what if all along  
The music is not sounding ?

## II

Are there not, then, two musics unto men ?—  
One loud and bold and coarse,  
And overpowering still perforce  
All tone and tune beside ;  
Yet in despite its pride  
Only of fumes of foolish fancy bred,  
And sounding solely in the sounding head :  
The other, soft and low,  
Stealing whence we not know,  
Painfully heard, and easily forgot,  
With pauses oft and many a silence strange  
(And silent oft it seems, when silent it is not),  
Revivals too of unexpected change :  
Haply thou think'st 'twill never be begun,  
Or that 't has come, and been, and passed away :  
Yet turn to other none,—  
Turn not, oh, turn not thou !

But listen, listen, listen, —if haply be heard it may ;  
 Listen, listen, listen, —is it not sounding now ?

## III

Yea, and as thought of some departed friend  
 By death or distance parted will descend,  
 Severing, in crowded rooms ablaze with light,  
 As by a magic screen, the seër from the sight  
 (Palsying the nerves that intervene  
 The eye and central sense between) ;  
     So may the ear,  
     Hearing not hear,  
 Though drums do roll, and pipes and cymbals  
     ring ;  
 So the bare conscience of the better thing  
 Unfelt, unseen, unimaged, all unknown,  
 May fix the entrancèd soul 'mid multitudes alone.



## QUA CURSUM VENTUS

AS ships, becalmed at eve, that lay  
With canvas drooping, side by side,  
Two towers of sail at dawn of day  
Are scarce long leagues apart descried ;

When fell the night, upsprung the breeze,  
And all the darkling hours they plied,  
Nor dreamt but each the self-same seas  
By each was cleaving, side by side :

E'en so—but why the tale reveal  
Of those, whom year by year unchanged,  
Brief absence joined anew to feel,  
Astounded, soul from soul estranged ?

At dead of night their sails were filled,  
And onward each rejoicing steered—  
Ah, neither blame, for neither willed,  
Or wist, what first with dawn appeared !

To veer, how vain ! On, onward strain,  
Brave barks ! In light, in darkness too,  
Through winds and tides one compass guides—  
To that, and your own selves, be true.

But O blithe breeze ; and O great seas,  
Though ne'er, that earliest parting past,  
On your wide plain they join again,  
Together lead them home at last.

One port, methought, alike they sought,  
One purpose hold where'er they fare,—  
O bounding breeze, O rushing seas !  
At last, at last, unite them there !

‘WEN GOTT BETRÜGT, IST WOHL  
BETROGEN’

Is it true, ye gods, who treat us  
As the gambling fool is treated ;  
O ye, who ever cheat us,  
And let us feel we're cheated !  
Is it true that poetical power,  
The gift of heaven, the dower  
Of Apollo and the Nine,  
The inborn sense, ‘the vision and the faculty  
divine,’  
All we glorify and bless  
In our rapturous exaltation,  
All invention, and creation,  
Exuberance of fancy, and sublime imagination,  
All a poet's fame is built on,  
The fame of Shakespeare, Milton,  
Of Wordsworth, Byron, Shelley,  
Is in reason's grave precision,  
Nothing more, nothing less,  
Than a peculiar conformation,  
Constitution, and condition  
Of the brain and of the belly ?  
Is it true, ye gods who cheat us ?  
And that's the way ye treat us ?

Oh say it, all who think it,  
Look straight, and never blink it !  
If it is so, let it be so,  
And we will all agree so ;  
But the plot has counterplot,  
It may be, and yet be not.

## THE NEW SINAI

Lo, here is God, and there is God !  
Believe it not, O Man ;  
In such vain sort to this and that  
The ancient heathen ran :  
Though old Religion shake her head,  
And say in bitter grief,  
The day behold, at first foretold,  
Of atheist unbelief :  
Take better part, with manly heart,  
Thine adult spirit can ;  
Receive it not, believe it not,  
Believe it not, O Man !

As men at dead of night awaked  
With cries, 'The king is here,'  
Rush forth and greet whome'er they meet,  
Whoe'er shall first appear ;  
And still repeat, to all the street,  
'Tis he,—the king is here ;'  
The long procession moveth on,  
Each nobler form they see,  
With changeful suit they still salute  
And cry, 'Tis he, 'tis he !'

So, even so, when men were young,  
 And earth and heaven were new,  
 And His immediate presence He  
 From human hearts withdrew,  
 The soul perplexed and daily vexed  
 With sensuous False and True,  
 Amazed, bereaved, no less believed,  
 And fain would see Him too :  
 'He is !' the prophet-tongues proclaimed ;  
 In joy and hasty fear,  
 'He is !' aloud replied the crowd,  
 'Is here, and here, and here.'

'He is ! They are !' in distance seen  
 On yon Olympus high,  
 In those Avernian woods abide,  
 And walk this azure sky :  
 'They are ! They are !'—to every show  
 Its eyes the baby turned,  
 And blazes sacrificial, tall,  
 On thousand altars burned :  
 'They are ! They are !'—On Sinai's top  
 Far seen the lightnings shone,  
 The thunder broke, a trumpet spoke,  
 And God said, 'I am One.'

God spake it out, 'I, God, am One ;'  
 The unheeding ages ran,  
 And baby-thoughts again, again,  
 Have dogged the growing man :  
 And as of old from Sinai's top  
 God said that God is One,

By Science strict so speaks He now  
To tell us, There is None !  
Earth goes by chemic forces ; Heaven's  
A Mécanique Céleste !  
And heart and mind of human kind  
A watch-work as the rest !

Is this a Voice, as was the Voice,  
Whose speaking told abroad,  
When thunder pealed, and mountain reeled,  
The ancient truth of God ?  
Ah, not the Voice ; 'tis but the cloud,  
The outer darkness dense,  
Where image none, nor e'er was seen  
Similitude of sense.  
'Tis but the cloudy darkness dense  
That wrapt the Mount around ;  
While in amaze the people stays,  
To hear the Coming Sound.

Is there no prophet-soul the while  
To dare, sublimely meek,  
Within the shroud of blackest cloud  
The Deity to seek ?  
'Midst atheistic systems dark,  
And darker hearts' despair,  
That soul has heard perchance His word,  
And on the dusky air  
His skirts, as passed He by, to see  
Hath strained on their behalf,  
Who on the plain, with dance amain,  
Adore the Golden Calf.

'Tis but the cloudy darkness dense ;  
 Though blank the tale it tells,  
 No God, no Truth ! yet He, in sooth,  
 Is there—within it dwells ;  
 Within the sceptic darkness deep  
 He dwells that none may see,  
 Till idol forms and idol thoughts  
 Have passed and ceased to be :  
 No God, no Truth ! ah though, in sooth  
 So stand the doctrine's half :  
 On Egypt's track return not back,  
 Nor own the Golden Calf.

Take better part, with manlier heart,  
 Thine adult spirit can ;  
 No God, no Truth, receive it ne'er—  
 Believe it ne'er—O Man !  
 But turn not then to seek again  
 What first the ill began ;  
 No God, it saith ; ah, wait in faith  
 God's self-completing plan ;  
 Receive it not, but leave it not,  
 And wait it out, O Man !

' The Man that went the cloud within  
 Is gone and vanished quite ;  
 He cometh not,' the people cries,  
 ' Nor bringeth God to sight :  
 Lo these thy gods, that safety give,  
 Adore and keep the feast !'  
 Deluding and deluded cries  
 The Prophet's brother-Priest :



And Israel all bows down to fall  
Before the gilded beast.

Devout, indeed ! that priestly creed,  
O Man, reject as sin ;  
The clouded hill attend thou still,  
And him that went within.  
He yet shall bring some worthy thing  
For waiting souls to see :  
Some sacred word that he hath heard  
Their light and life shall be ;  
Some lofty part, than which the heart  
Adopt no nobler can,  
Thou shalt receive, thou shalt believe  
And thou shalt do, O Man !

1845

## THE QUESTIONING SPIRIT

THE human spirits saw I on a day,  
 Sitting and looking each a different way ;  
 And hardly tasking, subtly questioning,  
 Another spirit went around the ring  
 To each and each : and as he ceased his say,  
 Each after each, I heard them singly sing,  
 Some querulously high, some softly, sadly low,  
 We know not—what avails to know ?  
 We know not—wherefore need we know ?  
 This answer gave they still unto his suing,  
 We know not, let us do as we are doing.  
 Dost thou not know that these things only seem ?—  
 I know not, let me dream my dream.  
 Are dust and ashes fit to make a treasure ?—  
 I know not, let me take my pleasure.  
 What shall avail the knowledge thou hast sought ?—  
 I know not, let me think my thought.  
 What is the end of strife ?—  
 I know not, let me live my life.  
 How many days or e'er thou mean'st to move ?—  
 I know not, let me love my love.  
 Were not things old once new ?—  
 I know not, let me do as others do.  
 And when the rest were over past,  
 I know not, I will do my duty, said the last.

Thy duty do ? rejoined the voice,  
Ah, do it, do it, and rejoice ;  
But shalt thou then, when all is done,  
Enjoy a love, embrace a beauty  
Like these, that may be seen and won  
In life, whose course will then be run ;  
Or wilt thou be where there is none ?  
I know not, I will do my duty.

And taking up the word around, above, below,  
Some querulously high, some softly, sadly low,  
We know not, sang they all, nor ever need we  
know ;

We know not, sang they, what avails to know ?  
Whereat the questioning spirit, some short space,  
Though unabashed, stood quiet in his place.  
But as the echoing chorus died away  
And to their dreams the rest returned apace,  
By the one spirit I saw him kneeling low,  
And in a silvery whisper heard him say :  
Truly, thou know'st not, and thou need'st not  
know ;

Hope only, hope thou, and believe alway ;  
I also know not, and I need not know,  
Only with questionings pass I to and fro,  
Perplexing these that sleep, and in their folly  
Imbreeding doubt and sceptic melancholy ;  
Till that, their dreams deserting, they with me  
Come all to this true ignorance and thee.

## BETHESDA

## A SEQUEL

I SAW again the spirits on a day,  
 Where on the earth in mournful case they lay;  
 Five porches were there, and a pool, and round,  
 Huddling in blankets, strewn upon the ground,  
 Tied-up and bandaged, weary, sore and spent,  
 The maimed and halt, diseased and impotent.  
 For a great angel came, 'twas said, and stirred  
 The pool at certain seasons, and the word  
 Was, with this people of the sick, that they  
 Who in the waters here their limbs should lay  
 Before the motion on the surface ceased  
 Should of their torment straightway be released.  
 So with shrunk bodies and with heads down-dropt,  
 Stretched on the steps, and at the pillars propt,  
 Watching by day and listening through the night,  
 They filled the place, a miserable sight.

And I beheld that on the stony floor  
 He too, that spoke of duty once before,  
 No otherwise than others here to-day,  
 Foredone and sick and sadly muttering lay.  
 'I know not, I will do—what is it I would say?

What was that word which once sufficed alone for  
all,

Which now I seek in vain, and never can recall ?'  
And then, as weary of in vain renewing  
His question, thus his mournful thought pursuing,  
'I know not, I must do as other men are doing.'

But what the waters of that pool might be,  
Of Lethe were they, or Philosophy ;  
And whether he, long waiting, did attain  
Deliverance from the burden of his pain  
There with the rest ; or whether, yet before,  
Some more diviner stranger passed the door  
With his small company into that sad place,  
And breathing hope into the sick man's face,  
Bade him take up his bed, and rise and go,  
What the end were, and whether it were so,  
Further than this I saw not, neither know.

## QUI LABORAT, ORAT

O ONLY Source of all our light and life,  
 Whom as our truth, our strength, we see and feel,  
 But whom the hours of mortal moral strife  
 Alone aright reveal !

Mine inmost soul, before Thee inly brought,  
 Thy presence owns ineffable, divine ;  
 Chastised each rebel self-centered thought,  
 My will adoreth Thine.

With eye down-dropt, if then this earthly mind  
 Speechless remain, or speechless e'en depart ;  
 Nor seek to see—for what of earthly kind  
 Can see Thee as Thou art ?—

If well-assured 'tis but profanely bold  
 In thought's abstractest forms to seem to see,  
 It dare not dare the dread communion hold  
 In ways unworthy Thee,

O not unowned, thou shalt unnamed forgive,  
 In worldly walks the prayerless heart prepare ;  
 And if in work its life it seem to live,  
 Shalt make that work be prayer.

Nor times shall lack, when while the work it plies,  
Unsummoned powers the blinding film shall part,  
And scarce by happy tears made dim, the eyes  
In recognition start.

But, as thou willest, give or e'en forbear  
The beatific supersensual sight,  
So, with Thy blessing blest, that humbler prayer  
Approach Thee morn and night.





FROM 'DIPSYCHUS'



FROM 'DIPSYCHUS'<sup>1</sup>*The Piazza at Night*

*Dipsychus speaks.* There have been times, not  
many, but enough  
To quiet all repinings of the heart ;  
There have been times, in which my tranquil soul,  
No longer nebulous, sparse, errant, seemed  
Upon its axis solidly to move,  
Centred and fast : no mere elastic blank  
For random rays to traverse unretained,  
But rounding luminous its fair ellipse  
Around its central sun. Ay, yet again,  
As in more faint sensations I detect,  
With it too, round an Inner, Mightier orb,  
Maybe with that too—this I dare not say—  
Around, yet more, more central, more supreme,  
Whate'er how numerous soe'er they be,  
I am and feel myself, where'er I wind,  
What vagrant chance soe'er I seem to obey  
Communicably theirs.

<sup>1</sup> The blank verse extract is given out of its place, in order to indicate the plan of the poem : the alternate utterances of Dipsychus, the double-souled hesitating thinker, and the practical cynic, called the Spirit, who deliver themselves according to their kind, in the verses that follow.

O happy hours !

O compensation ample for long days  
 Of what impatient tongues called wretchedness !  
 O beautiful, beneath the magic moon,  
 To walk the watery way of palaces !  
 O beautiful, o'ervaulted with gemmed blue,  
 This spacious court, with colour and with gold,  
 With cupolas, and pinnacles, and points,  
 And crosses multiplex, and tips and balls  
 (Wherewith the bright stars unreprieving mix,  
 Nor scorn by hasty eyes to be confused) ;  
 Fantastically perfect this low pile  
 Of Oriental glory ; these long ranges  
 Of classic chiselling, this gay flickering crowd,  
 And the calm Campanile. Beautiful !  
 O beautiful ! and that seemed more profound,  
 This morning by the pillar when I sat  
 Under the great arcade, at the review,  
 And took, and held, and ordered on my brain  
 The faces, and the voices, and the whole mass  
 O' the motley facts of existence flowing by !  
 O perfect, if 'twere all ! But it is not ;  
 Hints haunt me ever of a more beyond :  
 I am rebuked by a sense of the incomplete,  
 Of a completion over soon assumed,  
 Of adding up too soon. What we call sin,  
 I could believe a painful opening out  
 Of paths for ampler virtue. The bare field,  
 Scant with lean ears of harvest, long had mocked  
 The vext laborious farmer ; came at length  
 The deep plough in the lazy undersoil  
 Down-driving ; with a cry earth's fibres crack,  
 And a few months, and lo ! the golden leas,

And autumn's crowded shocks and loaded wains.  
Let us look back on life ; was any change,  
Any now blest expansion, but at first  
A pang, remorse-like, shot to the inmost seats  
Of moral being ? To do anything,  
Distinct on any one thing to decide,  
To leave the habitual and the old, and quit  
The easy-chair of use and wont, seems crime  
To the weak soul, forgetful how at first  
Sitting down seemed so too. And, oh ! this  
woman's heart,

Fain to be forced, incredulous of choice,  
And waiting a necessity for God.

Yet I could think, indeed, the perfect call  
Should force the perfect answer. If the voice  
Ought to receive its echo from the soul,  
Wherefore this silence ? If it *should* rouse my  
being,  
Why this reluctance ? Have I not thought o'er  
much

Of other men, and of the ways of the world ?  
But what they are, or have been, matters not.  
To thine own self be true, the wise man says.  
Are then my fears myself ? O double self !  
And I untrue to both ? Oh, there are hours,  
When love, and faith, and dear domestic ties,  
And converse with old friends, and pleasant walks,  
Familiar faces, and familiar books,  
Study, and art, upliftings unto prayer,  
And admiration of the noblest things,  
Seem all ignoble only ; all is mean,  
And nought as I would have it. Then at others,  
My mind is in her rest ; my heart at home

In all around ; my soul secure in place,  
 And the vext needle perfect to her poles.  
 Aimless and hopeless in my life I seem  
 To thread the winding byways of the town,  
 Bewildered, baffled, hurried hence and thence,  
 All at cross-purpose even with myself,  
 Unknowing whence or whither. Thence at once,  
 At a step, I crown the Campanile's top,  
 And view all mapped below ; islands, lagoon,  
 A hundred steeples and a million roofs,  
 The fruitful champaign, and the cloud-capt Alps,  
 And the broad Adriatic. Be it enough ;  
 If I lose this, how terrible ! No, no,  
 I am contented, and will not complain.  
 To the old paths, my soul ! Oh, be it so !  
 I bear the workday burden of dull life  
 About these footsore flags of a weary world,  
 Heaven knows how long it has not been ; at once,  
 Lo ! I am in the spirit on the Lord's day  
 With John in Patmos. Is it not enough,  
 One day in seven ? and if this should go,  
 If this pure solace should desert my mind,  
 What were all else ? I dare not risk this loss.  
 To the old paths, my soul !

*Spirit.*

O yes.

To moon about religion ; to inhume  
 Your ripened age in solitary walks,  
 For self-discussion ; to debate in letters  
 Vext points with earnest friends ; past other men  
 To cherish natural instincts, yet to fear them  
 And less than any use them ; oh, no doubt,  
 In a corner sit and mope, and be consoled

With thinking one is clever, while the room  
Rings through with animation and the dance.  
Then talk of old examples ; to pervert  
Ancient real facts to modern unreal dreams  
And build up baseless fabrics of romance  
And heroism upon historic sand ;  
To burn, forsooth, for action, yet despise  
Its merest accident and alphabet ;  
Cry out for service, and at once rebel  
At the application of its plainest rules :  
This you call life, my friend, reality ;  
Doing your duty unto God and man—  
I know not what. Stay at Venice, if you will ;  
Sit musing in its churches hour on hour  
Cross-kneel upon a bench ; climb up at whiles  
The neighbouring tower, and kill the lingering day  
With old comparisons ; when night succeeds,  
Evading, yet a little seeking, what  
You would and would not, turn your doubtful eyes  
On moon and stars to help morality ;  
Once in a fortnight say, by lucky chance  
Of happier-tempered coffee, gain (great Heaven !)  
A pious rapture : is it not enough ?

*Di.* 'Tis well : thou cursed spirit, go thy way !  
I am in higher hands than yours.

---

*Sp.* 'There is no God,' the wicked saith,  
 'And truly it's a blessing,  
 For what He might have done with us  
 It's better only guessing.'

'There is no God,' a youngster thinks,  
 'Or really, if there may be,  
 He surely didn't mean a man  
 Always to be a baby.'

'There is no God, or if there is,'  
 The tradesman thinks, ' 'twere funny  
 If He should take it ill in me  
 To make a little money.'

'Whether there be,' the rich man says,  
 'It matters very little,  
 For I and mine, thank somebody,  
 Are not in want of victual.'

Some others, also, to themselves,  
 Who scarce so much as doubt it,  
 Think there is none, when they are well,  
 And do not think about it.

But country folks who live beneath  
 The shadow of the steeple ;  
 The parson and the parson's wife,  
 And mostly married people ;



Youths green and happy in first love,  
So thankful for illusion ;  
And men caught out in what the world  
Calls guilt, in first confusion ;

And almost every one when age,  
Disease, or sorrows strike him,  
Inclines to think there is a God,  
Or something very like Him.

---

*In a Gondola*

*Di.* Afloat ; we move. Delicious ! Ah,  
What else is like the gondola ?  
This level floor of liquid glass  
Begins beneath us swift to pass.  
It goes as though it went alone  
By some impulsion of its own.  
(How light it moves, how softly ! Ah,  
Were all things like the gondola !)

How light it moves, how softly ! Ah,  
Could life, as does our gondola,  
Unvexed with quarrels, aims, and cares,  
And moral duties and affairs,  
Unswaying, noiseless, swift and strong,  
For ever thus—thus glide along !  
(How light we move, how softly ! Ah,  
Were life but as the gondola !)

With no more motion than should bear  
 A freshness to the languid air ;  
 With no more effort than exprest  
 The need and naturalness of rest,  
 Which we beneath a grateful shade  
 Should take on peaceful pillows laid !  
 (How light we move, how softly ! Ah,  
 Were life but as the gondola !)

In one unbroken passage borne  
 To closing night from opening morn,  
 Uplift at whiles slow eyes to mark  
 Some palace front, some passing bark ;  
 Through windows catch the varying shore,  
 And hear the soft turns of the oar !  
 (How light we move, how softly ! Ah,  
 Were life but as the gondola !)

How light we go, how soft we skim,  
 And all in moonlight seem to swim !  
 The south side rises o'er our bark,  
 A wall impenetrably dark ;  
 The north is seen profusely bright ;  
 The water, is it shade or light ?  
 Say, gentle moon, which conquers now  
 The flood, those massy hulls, or thou ?  
 (How light we go, how softly ! Ah,  
 Were life but as the gondola !)

How light we go, how soft we skim,  
 And all in moonlight seem to swim !  
 In moonlight is it now, or shade ?  
 In planes of sure division made,

By angles sharp of palace walls  
The clear light and the shadow falls ;  
O sight of glory, sight of wonder !  
Seen, a pictorial portent, under,  
O great Rialto, the vast round  
Of thy thrice-solid arch profound !  
(How light we go, how softly ! Ah,  
Life should be as the gondola !)

How light we go, how soft we skim,  
And all in moonlight seem to swim !  
Against bright clouds projected dark,  
The white dome now, reclined I mark,  
And, by o'er-brilliant lamps displayed,  
The Doge's columns and arcade ;  
Over still waters mildly come  
The distant waters and the hum.  
(How light we go, how softly ! Ah,  
Life should be as the gondola !)

How light we go, how soft we skim,  
And all in open moonlight swim !  
Ah, gondolier, slow, slow, more slow !  
We go ; but wherefore thus should go ?  
Ah, let not muscle all too strong  
Beguile, betray thee to our wrong !  
On to the landing, onward. Nay,  
Sweet dream, a little longer stay !  
On to the landing ; here. And, ah !  
Life is not as the gondola.

---

*Sp.* This world is very odd we see,  
 We do not comprehend it ;  
 But in one fact we all agree,  
 God won't, and we can't mend it.

Being common sense, it can't be sin  
 To take it as I find it ;  
 The pleasure to take pleasure in ;  
 The pain, try not to mind it.

---

*Di.* O let me love my love unto myself alone,  
 And know my knowledge to the world unknown ;  
 No witness to the vision call,  
 Beholding, unbeheld of all ;  
 And worship thee, with thee withdrawn, apart,  
 Whoe'er, whate'er thou art,  
 Within the closest veil of mine own inmost heart.

Better it were, thou sayest, to consent,  
 Feast while we may, and live ere life be spent ;  
 Close up clear eyes, and call the unstable sure,  
 The unlovely lovely, and the filthy pure ;  
 In self-belyings, self-deceivings roll,  
 And lose in Action, Passion, Talk, the soul.

Nay, better far to mark off thus much air,  
 And call it heaven ; place bliss and glory there ;  
 Fix perfect homes in the unsubstantial sky,  
 And say, what is not, will be by and by ;  
 What here exists not must exist elsewhere.

But play no tricks upon thy soul, O man ;  
 Let fact be fact, and life the thing it can.

---

*Di.* Where are the great, whom thou would'st  
 wish to praise thee ?  
 Where are the pure, whom thou would'st choose to  
 love thee ?  
 Where are the brave, to stand supreme above thee,  
 Whose high commands would cheer, whose chid-  
 ings raise thee ?  
 Seek, seeker, in thyself ; submit to find  
 In the stones, bread, and life in the blank mind.

---

*Spectator ab extra*

*Sp.* As I sat at the café, I said to myself,  
 They may talk as they please about what they  
 call pelf,  
 They may sneer as they like about eating and  
 drinking,  
 But help it I cannot, I cannot help thinking,  
 How pleasant it is to have money, heigh ho !  
 How pleasant it is to have money.

I sit at my table *en grand seigneur*,  
 And when I have done, throw a crust to the poor ;  
 Not only the pleasure, one's self, of good living,  
 But also the pleasure of now and then giving.  
 So pleasant it is to have money, heigh ho !  
 So pleasant it is to have money.

It was but last winter I came up to town,  
 But already I'm getting a little renown ;  
 I make new acquaintance where'er I appear ;  
 I am not too shy, and have nothing to fear.  
     So pleasant it is to have money, heigh ho !  
     So pleasant it is to have money.

I drive through the streets, and I care not a d——n ;  
 The people they stare, and they ask who I am ;  
 And if I should chance to run over a cad,  
 I can pay for the damage if ever so bad.  
     So pleasant it is to have money, heigh ho !  
     So pleasant it is to have money.

We stroll to our box and look down on the pit,  
 And if it weren't low should be tempted to spit ;  
 We loll and we talk until people look up,  
 And when it's half over we go out to sup.  
     So pleasant it is to have money, heigh ho !  
     So pleasant it is to have money.

The best of the tables and the best of the fare—  
 And as for the others, the devil may care ;  
 It isn't our fault if they dare not afford  
 To sup like a prince and be drunk as a lord.  
     So pleasant it is to have money, heigh ho !  
     So pleasant it is to have money.

We sit at our tables and tipple champagne ;  
 Ere one bottle goes, comes another again ;  
 The waiters they skip and they scuttle about,  
 And the landlord attends us so civilly out.  
     So pleasant it is to have money, heigh ho !  
     So pleasant it is to have money.

It was but last winter I came up to town,  
But already I'm getting a little renown ;  
I get to good houses without much ado,  
Am beginning to see the nobility too.

So pleasant it is to have money, heigh ho !

So pleasant it is to have money.

O dear ! what a pity they ever should lose it !  
For they are the gentry that know how to use it ;  
So grand and so graceful, such manners, such  
dinner,

But yet, after all, it is we are the winners.

So pleasant it is to have money, heigh ho !

So pleasant it is to have money.

Thus I sat at my table *en grand seigneur*,  
And when I had done threw a crust to the poor ;  
Not only the pleasure, one's self, of good eating,  
But also the pleasure of now and then treating.

So pleasant it is to have money, heigh ho !

So pleasant it is to have money.

They may talk as they please about what they  
call pelf,

And how one ought never to think of one's self,  
And how pleasures of thought surpass eating and  
drinking—

My pleasure of thought is the pleasure of thinking

How pleasant it is to have money, heigh ho !

How pleasant it is to have money.

---

*Sp.* Submit, submit !

'Tis common sense, and human wit  
Can claim no higher name than it.  
Submit, submit !  
Devotion, and ideas, and love,  
And beauty claim their place above ;  
But saint and sage and poet's dreams  
Divide the light in coloured streams,  
Which this alone gives all combined,  
The *siccum lumen* of the mind  
Called common sense : and no high wit  
Gives better counsel than does it.  
Submit, submit !

To see things simply as they are  
Here at our elbows, transcends far  
Trying to spy out at mid-day  
Some 'bright particular star,' which may,  
Or not, be visible at night,  
But clearly is not in daylight ;  
No inspiration vague outweighs  
The plain good common sense that says,  
Submit, submit !  
'Tis common sense, and human wit  
Can ask no higher name than it.  
Submit, submit !

Submit, submit !  
For tell me then, in earth's great laws  
Have you found any saving clause,



Exemption special granted you  
From doing what the rest must do?  
Of common sense who made you quit,  
And told you, you'd no need of it,  
Nor to submit?

This stern necessity of things  
On every side our being rings ;  
Our sallying eager actions fall  
Vainly against that iron wall.  
Where once her finger points the way,  
The wise thinks only to obey ;  
Take life as she has ordered it,  
And come what may of it, submit,  
Submit, submit !

Who take implicitly her will,  
For these her vassal chances still  
Bring store of joys, successes, pleasures ;  
But whoso ponders, weighs, and measures,  
She calls her torturers up to goad  
With spur and scourges on the road ;  
He does at last with pain whate'er  
He spurned at first. Of such, beware,  
Beware, beware !

Necessity ! and who shall dare  
Bring to *her* feet excuse or prayer ?  
Beware, beware !  
We must, we must.  
Howe'er we turn, and pause and tremble—  
Howe'er we shrink, deceive, dissemble—  
Whate'er our doubting, grief, disgust,

The hand is on us, and we must,  
 We must, we must.  
 'Tis common sense ! and human wit  
 Can find no better name than  
 Submit, submit !

---

*Di.* When the enemy is near thee,  
           Call on us !  
 In our hands we will upbear thee,  
 He shall neither scathe nor scare thee,  
 He shall fly thee, and shall fear thee.  
           Call on us !  
 Call when all good friends have left thee,  
 Of all good sights and sounds bereft thee ;  
 Call when hope and heart are sinking,  
 And the brain is sick with thinking,  
           Help, O help !  
 Call, and following close behind thee  
 There shall haste, and there shall find thee,  
           Help, sure help.

When the panic comes upon thee,  
 When necessity seems on thee,  
 Hope and choice have all foregone thee,  
 Fate and force are closing o'er thee,  
 And but one way stands before thee—  
           Call on us !  
 Oh, and if thou dost not call,  
 Be but faithful, that is all.  
 Go right on, and close behind thee  
 There shall follow still and find thee,  
           Help, sure help.

FROM 'AMOURS DE VOYAGE'



## FROM 'AMOURS DE VOYAGE'

*Over the great windy waters, and over the clear-  
 crested summits,  
 Unto the sun and the sky, and unto the perfecter  
 earth,  
 Come, let us go,—to a land wherein gods of the  
 old time wandered,  
 Where every breath even now changes to ether  
 divine.  
 Come, let us go; though withal a voice whisper,  
 'The world that we live in,  
 Whithersoever we turn, still is the same narrow  
 crib;  
 'Tis but to prove limitation, and measure a cord,  
 that we travel;  
 Let who would 'scape and be free go to his  
 chamber and think;  
 'Tis but to change idle fancies for memories wilfully  
 falser;  
 'Tis but to go and have been.'—Come, little bark!  
 let us go.*

---

*Claude to Eustace*<sup>1</sup>

ROME disappoints me much ; I hardly as yet  
 understand, but  
*Rubbishy* seems the word that most exactly would  
 suit it.  
 All the foolish destructions, and all the sillier  
 savings,  
 All the incongruous things of past incompatible  
 ages,  
 Seem to be treasured up here to make fools of  
 present and future.  
 Would to Heaven the old Goths had made a  
 cleaner sweep of it !  
 Would to Heaven some new ones would come and  
 destroy these churches !  
 However, one can live in Rome as also in  
 London.  
 It is a blessing, no doubt, to be rid, at least for  
 a time, of  
 All one's friends and relations,—yourself (forgive  
 me !) included,—  
 All the *assujettissement* of having been what one  
 has been,  
 What one thinks one is, or thinks that others  
 suppose one ;  
 Yet, in despite of all, we turn like fools to the  
 English.

<sup>1</sup> The poem is in the form of letters from Claude the traveller, in Rome, to his friend Eustace, in England.

No, great Dome of Agrippa, thou art not Christian !  
 canst not,  
 Strip and replaster and daub and do what they  
 will with thee, be so !  
 Here underneath the great porch of colossal  
 Corinthian columns,  
 Here as I walk, do I dream of the Christian  
 belfries above them ;  
 Or, on a bench as I sit and abide for long hours,  
 till thy whole vast  
 Round grows dim as in dreams to my eyes, I  
 repeople thy niches,  
 Not with the Martyrs, and Saints, and Confessors,  
 and Virgins, and children,  
 But with the mightier forms of an older, austerer  
 worship ;  
 And I recite to myself, how

Eager for battle here

Stood Vulcan, here matronal Juno,  
 And with the bow to his shoulder faithful  
 He who with pure dew laveth of Castaly  
 His flowing locks, who holdeth of Lycia  
 The oak forest and the wood that bore him,  
 Delos' and Patara's own Apollo.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Hic avidus stetit  
 Vulcanus, hic matrona Juno, et  
 Nunquam humeris positurus arcum ;  
 Qui rore puro Castaliæ lavit  
 Crines solutos, qui Lyciæ tenet  
 Dumeta natalemque silvam,  
 Delius et Patareus Apollo.

YET it is pleasant, I own it, to be in their company ;  
     pleasant,  
 Whatever else it may be, to abide in the feminine  
     presence.  
 Pleasant, but wrong, will you say? But this  
     happy, serene coexistence  
 Is to some poor soft souls, I fear, a necessity simple,  
 Meat and drink and life, and music, filling with  
     sweetness,  
 Thrilling with melody sweet, with harmonies  
     strange overwhelming,  
 All the long-silent strings of an awkward, meaning-  
     less fabric.  
 Yet as for that, I could live, I believe, with  
     children ; to have those  
 Pure and delicate forms encompassing, moving  
     about you,  
 This were enough, I could think ; and truly with  
     glad resignation  
 Could from the dream of Romance, from the fever  
     of flushed adolescence,  
 Look to escape and subside into peaceful avuncular  
     functions.  
 Nephews and nieces ! alas, for as yet I have none !  
     and, moreover,  
 Mothers are jealous, I fear me, too often, too  
     rightfully ; fathers  
 Think they have title exclusive to spoiling their  
     own little darlings ;  
 And by the law of the land, in despite of Malthusian  
     doctrine,



No sort of proper provision is made for that most  
patriotic,  
Most meritorious subject, the childless and bachelor  
uncle.

---

YE, too, marvellous Twain, that erect on the Monte  
Cavallo  
Stand by your rearing steeds in the grace of your  
motionless movement,  
Stand with your upstretched arms and tranquil  
regardant faces,  
Stand as instinct with life in the might of immut-  
able manhood,—  
O ye mighty and strange, ye ancient divine ones  
of Hellas.  
Are ye Christian too? to convert and redeem and  
renew you,  
Will the brief form have sufficed, that a Pope has  
set up on the apex  
Of the Egyptian stone that o'ertops you, the  
Christian symbol?  
And ye, silent, supreme in serene and victorious  
marble,  
Ye that encircle the walls of the stately Vatican  
chambers,  
Juno and Ceres, Minerva, Apollo, the Muses and  
Bacchus,  
Ye unto whom far and near come posting the  
Christian pilgrims,  
Ye that are ranged in the halls of the mystic  
Christian Pontiff,

Are ye also baptized ? are ye of the kingdom of  
Heaven ?

Utter, O some one, the word that shall reconcile  
Ancient and Modern !

Am I to turn me from this unto thee, great Chapel  
of Sixtus ?

---

I AM in love, meantime, you think ; no doubt you  
would think so.

I am in love, you say ; with those letters, of  
course, you would say so.

I am in love, you declare. I think not so ; yet I  
grant you

It is a pleasure indeed to converse with this girl.  
Oh, rare gift,

Rare felicity, this ! she can talk in a rational way,  
can

Speak upon subjects that really are matters of  
mind and of thinking,

Yet in perfection retain her simplicity ; never, one  
moment,

Never, however you urge it, however you tempt  
her, consents to

Step from ideas and fancies and loving sensations  
to those vain

Conscious understandings that vex the minds of  
mankind.

No, though she talk, it is music ; her fingers desert  
not the keys ; 'tis

Song, though you hear in the song the articulate  
vocables sounded,

Syllabled singly and sweetly the words of melodious meaning.

I am in love, you say: I do not think so, exactly.

---

THERE are two different kinds, I believe, of human attraction ;

One which simply disturbs, unsettles, and makes you uneasy,

And another that poises, retains, and fixes and holds you.

I have no doubt, for myself, in giving my voice for the latter.

I do not wish to be moved, but growing where I was growing,

There more truly to grow, to live where as yet I had languished.

I do not like being moved : for the will is excited ; and action

Is a most dangerous thing ; I tremble for something factitious,

Some malpractice of heart and illegitimate process ;

We are so prone to these things, with our terrible notions of duty.

---

AH, let me look, let me watch, let me wait, un-  
 hurried, unprompted !  
 Bid me not venture on aught that could alter or  
 end what is present !  
 Say not, Time flies, and Occasion, that never  
 returns, is departing !  
 Drive me not out, ye ill angels with fiery swords,  
 from my Eden,  
 Waiting, and watching, and looking ! Let love  
 be its own inspiration !  
 Shall not a voice, if a voice there must be, from  
 the airs that environ,  
 Yea, from the conscious heavens, without our  
 knowledge or effort,  
 Break into audible words ? And love be its own  
 inspiration ?

---

JUXTAPOSITION, in fine ; and what is juxtaposi-  
 tion ?

Look you, we travel along in the railway-carriage  
 or steamer,  
 And, *pour passer le temps*, till the tedious journey  
 be ended,  
 Lay aside paper or book, to talk with the girl that  
 is next one ;  
 And, *pour passer le temps*, with the terminus all  
 but in prospect,  
 Talk of eternal ties and marriages made in heaven.  
 Ah, did we really accept with a perfect heart  
 the illusion !

Ah, did we really believe that the Present indeed  
is the Only !

Or through all transmutation, all shock and  
convulsion of passion,

Feel we could carry undimmed, unextinguished,  
the light of our knowledge !

But for his funeral train which the bridegroom  
sees in the distance,

Would he so joyfully, think you, fall in with the  
marriage procession ?

But for that final discharge, would he dare to  
enlist in that service ?

But for that certain relcase, ever sign to that  
perilous contract ?

But for that exit secure, ever bend to that  
treacherous doorway ?—

Ah, but the bride, meantime,—do you think she  
sees it as he does ?

But for the steady fore-sense of a freer and  
larger existence,

Think you that man could consent to be circum-  
scribed here into action ?

But for assurance within of a limitless ocean  
divine, o'er

Whose great tranquil depths unconscious the  
wind-tost surface

Breaks into ripples of trouble that come and  
change and endure not,—

But that in this, of a truth, we have our being,  
and know it,

Think you we men could submit to live and move  
as we do here ?

Ah, but the women,—God bless them ! they don't think at all about it.

Yet we must eat and drink, as you say. And as limited beings

Scarcely can hope to attain upon earth to an Actual Abstract,

Leaving to God contemplation, to His hands knowledge confiding,

Sure that in us if it perish, in Him it abideth and dies not,

Let us in His sight accomplish our petty particular doings,—

Yes, and contented sit down to the victual that He has provided.

Allah is great, no doubt, and Juxtaposition his prophet.

Ah, but the women, alas ! they don't look at it in that way.

Juxtaposition is great ;—but, my friend, I fear me, the maiden

Hardly would thank or acknowledge the lover that sought to obtain her,

Not as the thing he would wish, but the thing he must even put up with,—

Hardly would tender her hand to the wooer that candidly told her

That she is but for a space, an *ad-interim* solace and pleasure,—

That in the end she shall yield to a perfect and absolute something,

Which I then for myself shall behold, and not another,—

Which amid fondest endearments, meantime I  
forget not, forsake not.

Ah, ye feminine souls, so loving, and so exacting,  
Since we cannot escape, must we even submit to  
deceive you?

Since, so cruel is truth, sincerity shocks and  
revolts you,

Will you have us your slaves to lie to you, flatter  
and—leave you?

TIBUR is beautiful, too, and the orchard slopes,  
and the Anio

Falling, falling yet, to the ancient lyrical cadence;  
Tibur and Anio's tide; and cool from Lucretilis  
ever,

With the Digentian stream, and with the Bandu-  
sian fountain,

Folded in Sabine recesses, the valley and villa of  
Horace:—

So not seeing I sang; so seeing and listening say  
I,

Here as I sit by the stream, as I gaze at the cell  
of the Sibyl,

Here with Albunea's home and the grove of  
Tiburnus beside me;<sup>1</sup>

Tivoli beautiful is, and musical, O Teverone,  
Dashing from mountain to plain, thy parted  
impetuous waters,

<sup>1</sup> — domus Albuneæ resonantis,  
Et præceps Anio, et Tiburni lucus, et uda  
Mobilibus pomaria rivis.

Tivoli's waters and rocks ; and fair unto Monte  
     Gennaro  
 (Haunt, even yet, I must think, as I wander and  
     gaze, of the shadows,  
 Faded and pale, yet immortal, of Faunus, the  
     Nymphs, and the Graces),  
 Fair in itself, and yet fairer with human completing  
     creations,  
 Folded in Sabine recesses the valley and villa of  
     Horace :—  
 So not seeing I sang ; so now—Nor seeing, nor  
     hearing,  
 Neither by waterfall lulled, nor folded in sylvan  
     embraces,  
 Neither by cell of the Sibyl, nor stepping the  
     Monte Gennaro,  
 Seated on Anio's bank, nor sipping Bandusian  
     waters,  
 But on Montorio's height, looking down on the  
     tile-clad streets, the  
 Cupolas, crosses, and domes, the bushes and  
     kitchen-gardens,  
 Which, by the grace of the Tibur, proclaim them-  
     selves Rome of the Romans,—  
 But on Montorio's height, looking forth to the  
     vapoury mountains,  
 Cheating the prisoner Hope with illusions of vision  
     and fancy,—  
 But on Montorio's height, with these weary  
     soldiers by me,  
 Waiting till Oudinot enter, to reinstate Pope and  
     Tourist.



WHITHER depart the souls of the brave that die  
     in the battle,  
 Die in the lost, lost fight, for the cause that  
     perishes with them?  
 Are they upborne from the field on the slumberous  
     pinions of angels  
 Unto a far-off home, where the weary rest from  
     their labour,  
 And the deep wounds are healed, and the bitter  
     and burning moisture  
 Wiped from the generous eyes? or do they linger,  
     unhappy,  
 Pining, and haunting the grave of their bygone  
     hope and endeavour?

---

SHALL we come out of it all, some day, as one  
     does from a tunnel?  
 Will it be all at once, without our doing or asking,  
 We shall behold clear day, the trees and meadows  
     about us,  
 And the faces of friends, and the eyes we loved  
     looking at us?  
 Who knows? Who can say? It will not do to  
     suppose it.

---

*Therefore farewell, ye hills, and ye, ye envine-  
yarded ruins !*

*Therefore farewell, ye walls, palaces, pillars,  
and domes !*

*Therefore farewell, far seen, ye peaks of the mythic  
Albano,*

*Seen from Montorio's height, Tibur and Æsula's  
hills !*

*Ah, could we once, ere we go, could we stand,  
while, to ocean descending,*

*Sinks o'er the yellow dark plain slowly the  
yellow broad sun,*

*Stand, from the forest emerging at sunset, at once  
in the champaign,*

*Open, but studded with trees, chestnuts um-  
brageous and old,*

*E'en in those fair open fields that incurve to thy  
beautiful hollow,*

*Nemi, imbedded in wood, Nemi, inurned in the  
hill !—*

*Therefore farewell, ye plains, and ye hills, and  
the City Eternal !*

*Therefore farewell ! We depart, but to behold  
you again !*

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS



‘WITH WHOM IS NO VARIABLENESS,  
NEITHER SHADOW OF TURNING’

It fortifies my soul to know  
That, though I perish, Truth is so :  
That, howsoe’er I stray and range,  
Whate’er I do, Thou dost not change.  
I steadier step when I recall  
That, if I slip, Thou dost not fall.

## THE LATEST DECALOGUE

THOU shalt have one God only ; who  
Would be at the expense of two ?  
No graven images may be  
Worshipped, except the currency :  
Swear not at all ; for, for thy curse  
Thine enemy is none the worse :  
At church on Sunday to attend  
Will serve to keep the world thy friend :  
Honour thy parents ; that is, all  
From whom advancement may befall :  
Thou shalt not kill ; but need'st not strive  
Officiously to keep alive :  
Do not adultery commit ;  
Advantage rarely comes of it :  
Thou shalt not steal ; an empty feat,  
When it's so lucrative to cheat :  
Bear not false witness ; let the lie  
Have time on its own wings to fly :  
Thou shalt not covet, but tradition  
Approves all forms of competition.

## HOPE EVERMORE AND BELIEVE

HOPE evermore and believe, O man, for e'en as  
thy thought

So are the things that thou see'st ; e'en as thy  
hope and belief.

Cowardly art thou and timid ? they rise to provoke  
thee against them ;

Hast thou courage ? enough, see them exulting  
to yield.

Yea, the rough rock, the dull earth, the cold sea's  
furying waters

(Violent, say'st thou and hard, mighty thou  
think'st to destroy),

All with ineffable longing are waiting their Invader,  
All, with one varying voice, call to him, Come  
and subdue ;

Still for their Conqueror call, and, but for the joy  
of being conquered

(Rapture they would not forego), dare to resist  
and rebel ;

Still, when resisting and raging, in soft under-voice  
say unto him,

Fear not, retire not, O man : hope evermore  
and believe.

Go from the east to the west, as the sun and the  
stars direct thee,

Go, with the girdle of man, go and encompass  
the earth.

Not for the gain of the gold ; for the getting, the  
hoarding, the having,

But for the joy of the deed ; but for the duty  
to do.

Go with the spiritual life, the higher volition and  
action,

With the great girdle of God, go and encompass  
the earth.

Go ; say not in thy heart, And what then were it  
accomplished,

Were the wild impulse allayed, what were the use  
or the good !

Go, when the instinct is stilled, and when the deed  
is accomplished,

What thou hast done and shalt do, shall be  
declared to thee then.

Go with the sun and the stars, and yet evermore  
in thy spirit

Say to thyself : It is good : yet is there better  
than it.

This that I see is not all, and this that I do is but  
little ;

Nevertheless it is good, though there is better  
than it.



## ‘THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY’

WHAT we, when face to face we see  
The Father of our souls, shall be,  
John tells us, doth not yet appear ;  
Ah ! did he tell what we are here !

A mind for thoughts to pass into,  
A heart for loves to travel through,  
Five senses to detect things near,  
Is this the whole that we are here ?

Rules baffle instincts—instincts rules,  
Wise men are bad—and good are fools,  
Facts evil—wishes vain appear,  
We cannot go, why are we here ?

O may we for assurance’ sake,  
Some arbitrary judgment take,  
And wilfully pronounce it clear,  
For this or that ’tis we are here ?

Or is it right, and will it do,  
To pace the sad confusion through,  
And say :—It doth not yet appear,  
What we shall be, what we are here ?

Ah yet, when all is thought and said,  
The heart still overrules the head ;  
Still what we hope we must believe,  
And what is given us receive ;

Must still believe, for still we hope  
That in a world of larger scope,  
What here is faithfully begun  
Will be completed, not undone.

## AH ! YET CONSIDER IT AGAIN !

'OLD things need not be therefore true,'  
O brother men, nor yet the new ;  
Ah ! still awhile the old thought retain,  
And yet consider it again !

The souls of now two thousand years  
Have laid up here their toils and fears,  
And all the earnings of their pain,—  
Ah, yet consider it again !

We ! what do we see ? each a space  
Of some few yards before his face ;  
Does that the whole wide plan explain ?  
Ah, yet consider it again !

Alas ! the great world goes its way,  
And takes its truth from each new day ;  
They do not quit, nor can retain,  
Far less consider it again.

ITE DOMUM SATURÆ, VENIT  
HESPERUS

THE skies have sunk, and hid the upper snow  
(Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie),  
The rainy clouds are filing fast below,  
And wet will be the path, and wet shall we.  
Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie.

Ah dear, and where is he, a year ago,  
Who stepped beside and cheered us on and on?  
My sweetheart wanders far away from me,  
In foreign land or on a foreign sea.  
Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie.

The lightning zigzags shoot across the sky  
(Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie),  
And through the vale the rains go sweeping by;  
Ah me, and when in shelter shall we be?  
Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie.

Cold, dreary cold, the stormy winds feel they  
O'er foreign lands and foreign seas that stray  
(Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie).  
And doth he e'er, I wonder, bring to mind  
The pleasant huts and herds he left behind?

And doth he sometimes in his slumbering see  
The feeding kine, and doth he think of me,  
My sweetheart wandering wheresoe'er it be?  
Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie.

The thunder bellows far from snow to snow  
(Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie),  
And loud and louder roars the flood below.  
Heigho! but soon in shelter shall we be:  
Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie.

Or shall he find before his term be sped,  
Some comelier maid that he shall wish to wed?  
(Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie.)  
For weary is work, and weary day by day  
To have your comfort miles on miles away.  
Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie.

Or may it be that I shall find my mate,  
And he returning see himself too late?  
For work we must, and what we see, we see,  
And God he knows, and what must be, must be,  
When sweethearts wander far away from me.  
Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie.

The sky behind is brightening up anew  
(Home, Rose, and home, Provence and La Palie),  
The rain is ending, and our journey too:  
Heigho! aha! for here at home are we:—  
In, Rose, and in, Provence and La Palie.

## A LONDON IDYLL

ON grass, on gravel, in the sun,  
 Or now beneath the shade,  
 They went, in pleasant Kensington,  
 A prentice and a maid.  
 That Sunday morning's April glow,  
 How should it not impart  
 A stir about the veins that flow  
 To feed the youthful heart.

Ah ! years may come, and years may bring  
 The truth that is not bliss,  
 But will they bring another thing  
 That can compare with this ?

I read it in that arm she lays  
 So soft on his ; her mien,  
 Her step, her very gown betrays  
 (What in her eyes were seen)  
 That not in vain the young buds round,  
 The cawing birds above,  
 The air, the incense of the ground,  
 Are whispering, breathing love.

Ah ! years may come, etc.

To inclination, young and blind,  
So perfect, as they lent,  
By purest innocence confined  
Unconscious free consent.  
Persuasive power of vernal change,  
On this, thine earliest day,  
Canst thou have found in all thy range  
One fitter type than they ?

Ah ! years may come, etc.

Th' high-titled cares of adult strife,  
Which we our duties call,  
Trades, arts, and politics of life,  
Say, have they after all,  
One other object, end or use  
Than that, for girl and boy,  
The punctual earth may still produce  
This golden flower of joy ?

Ah ! years may come, etc.

O odours of new-budding rose,  
O lily's chaste perfume,  
O fragrance that didst first unclothe  
The young Creation's bloom !  
Ye hang around me, while in sun  
Anon and now in shade,  
I watched in pleasant Kensington  
The prentice and the maid.

Ah ! years may come, and years may bring  
The truth that is not bliss,  
But will they bring another thing  
That will compare with this ?

## THE STREAM OF LIFE

O STREAM descending to the sea,  
 Thy mossy banks between,  
 The flow'rets blow, the grasses grow,  
 The leafy trees are green.

In garden plots the children play,  
 The fields the labourers till,  
 And houses stand on either hand,  
 And thou descendest still.

O life descending into death,  
 Our waking eyes behold,  
 Parent and friend thy lapse attend,  
 Companions young and old.

Strong purposes our mind possess,  
 Our hearts affections fill,  
 We toil and earn, we seek and learn,  
 And thou descendest still.

O end to which our currents tend,  
 Inevitable sea,  
 To which we flow, what do we know,  
 What shall we guess of thee ?

A roar we hear upon thy shore,  
 As we our course fulfil ;  
 Scarce we divine a sun will shine  
 And be above us still.



## IN A LONDON SQUARE

PUT forth thy leaf, thou lofty plane,  
East wind and frost are safely gone ;  
With zephyr mild and balmy rain  
The summer comes serenely on ;  
Earth, air, and sun and skies combine  
To promise all that's kind and fair :—  
But thou, O human heart of mine,  
Be still, contain thyself, and bear.

December days were brief and chill,  
The winds of March were wild and drear,  
And, nearing and receding still,  
Spring never would, we thought, be here.  
The leaves that burst, the suns that shine,  
Had, not the less, their certain date :—  
And thou, O human heart of mine,  
Be still, refrain thyself, and wait.

THE SHADOW<sup>1</sup>

I DREAMED a dream : I dreamt that I espied,  
 Upon a stone that was not rolled aside,  
 A Shadow sit upon a grave—a Shade,  
 As thin, as unsubstantial, as of old  
 Came, the Greek poet told,  
 To lick the life-blood in the trench Ulysses made—  
 As pale, as thin, and said :  
 ‘I am the Resurrection of the Dead.  
 The night is past, the morning is at hand,  
 And I must in my proper semblance stand,  
 Appear brief space and vanish,—listen, this is true,  
 I am that Jesus whom they slew.’

And shadows dim, I dreamed, the dead apostles  
 came,  
 And bent their heads for sorrow and for shame—  
 Sorrow for their great loss, and shame  
 For what they did in that vain name.

And in long ranges far behind there seemed  
 Pale vapoury angel forms ; or was it cloud ? that  
 kept  
 Strange watch ; the women also stood beside and  
 wept.

<sup>1</sup> The manuscript of this poem is incomplete.

And Peter spoke the word :  
‘ O my own Lord,  
What is it we must do ?  
Is it then all untrue ?  
Did we not see, and hear, and handle Thee,  
Yea, for whole hours  
Upon the Mount in Galilee,  
On the lake shore, and here at Bethany,  
When Thou ascendedst to Thy God and ours ? ’  
And paler still became the distant cloud,  
And at the word the women wept aloud.

And the Shade answered, ‘ What ye say I know  
not ;  
But it is true  
I am that Jesus whom they slew,  
Whom ye have preached, but in what way I know  
not.’

And the great World, it chanced, came by that  
way,  
And stopped, and looked, and spoke to the police,  
And said the thing, for order’s sake and peace,  
Most certainly must be suppressed, the nuisance  
cease.  
His wife and daughter must have where to pray,  
And whom to pray to, at the least one day  
In seven, and something sensible to say.

Whether the fact so many years ago  
Had, or not, happened, how was he to know ?  
Yet he had always heard that it was so.  
As for himself, perhaps it was all one ;

And yet he found it not unpleasant, too,  
On Sunday morning in the roomy pew,  
To see the thing with such decorum done.  
As for himself, perhaps it was all one ;  
Yet on one's death-bed all men always said  
It was a comfortable thing to think upon  
The atonement and the resurrection of the dead.  
So the great World as having said his say,  
Unto his country-house pursued his way.  
And on the grave the Shadow sat all day.

## EASTER DAY

NAPLES, 1849

THROUGH the great sinful streets of Naples as I  
past,

With fiercer heat than flamed above my head  
My heart was hot within me ; till at last  
My brain was lightened when my tongue had  
said—

Christ is not risen !

Christ is not risen, no—

He lies and moulders low ;

Christ is not risen !

What though the stone were rolled away, and  
though

The grave found empty there ?—

If not there, then elsewhere ;

If not where Joseph laid Him first, why then

Where other men

Translaid Him after, in some humbler clay.

Long ere to-day

Corruption that sad perfect work hath done,

Which here she scarcely, lightly had begun :

The foul engendered worm

Feeds on the flesh of the life-giving form

Of our most Holy and Anointed One.

He is not risen, no—

He lies and moulders low ;

Christ is not risen !

What if the women, ere the dawn was grey,  
Saw one or more great angels, as they say  
(Angels, or Him Himself) ? Yet neither there,  
nor then,

Nor afterwards, nor elsewhere, nor at all,  
Hath He appeared to Peter or the Ten ;  
Nor, save in thunderous terror, to blind Saul ;  
Save in an after Gospel and late Creed,

He is not risen, indeed,—

Christ is not risen !

Or, what if e'en, as runs a tale, the Ten  
Saw, heard, and touched, again and yet again ?  
What if at Emmaüs' inn, and by Capernaum's  
Lake,

Came One, the bread that brake—

Came One that spake as never mortal spake,  
And with them ate, and drank, and stood, and  
walked about ?

Ah ! 'some' did well to 'doubt' !

Ah ! the true Christ, while these things came to  
pass,

Nor heard, nor spake, nor walked, nor lived, alas !

He was not risen, no—

He lay and mouldered low,

Christ was not risen !

As circulates in some great city crowd  
A rumour changeful, vague, importunate, and loud,  
From no determined centre, or of fact  
Or authorship exact,  
Which no man can deny  
Nor verify ;  
So spread the wondrous fame ;  
He all the same  
Lay senseless, mouldering, low :  
He was not risen, no—  
Christ was not risen !

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust ;  
As of the unjust, also of the just—  
Yea, of that Just One, too !  
This is the one sad Gospel that is true—  
Christ is not risen !

Is He not risen, and shall we not rise ?  
Oh, we unwise !  
What did we dream, what wake we to discover ?  
Ye hills, fall on us, and ye mountains, cover !  
In darkness and great gloom  
Come ere we thought it is *our* day of doom ;  
From the cursed world, which is one tomb,  
Christ is not risen !

Eat, drink, and play, and think that this is bliss :  
There is no heaven but this ;  
There is no hell,  
Save earth, which serves the purpose doubly well,  
Seeing it visits still  
With equallest apportionment of ill

Both good and bad alike, and brings to one same  
dust

The unjust and the just  
With Christ, who is not risen.

Eat, drink, and die, for we are souls bereaved :  
Of all the creatures under heaven's wide cope  
We are most hopeless, who had once most hope,  
And most beliefless, that had most believed.

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust ;  
As of the unjust, also of the just—  
Yea, of that Just One too !  
It is the one sad Gospel that is true—  
Christ is not risen !

Weep not beside the tomb,  
Ye women, unto whom  
He was great solace while ye tended Him ;  
Ye who with napkin o'er the head  
And folds of linen round each wounded limb  
Laid out the Sacred Dead ;  
And thou that bar'st Him in thy wondering womb ;  
Yea, Daughters of Jerusalem, depart,  
Bind up as best ye may your own sad bleeding  
heart :  
Go to your homes, your living children tend,  
Your earthly spouses love ;  
Set your affections *not* on things above,  
Which moth and rust corrupt, which quickliest  
come to end :  
Or pray, if pray ye must, and pray, if pray ye can,  
For death ; since dead is He whom ye deemed  
more than man,



Who is not risen : no—  
But lies and moulders low—  
Who is not risen !

Ye men of Galilee !  
Why stand ye looking up to heaven, where Him  
ye ne'er may see,  
Neither ascending hence, nor returning hither  
again ?

Ye ignorant and idle fishermen !  
Hence to your huts, and boats, and inland native  
shore,  
And catch not men, but fish ;  
Whate'er things ye might wish,  
Him neither here nor there ye e'er shall meet with  
more.

Ye poor deluded youths, go home,  
Mend the old nets ye left to roam,  
Tie the split oar, patch the torn sail :  
It was indeed an 'idle tale'—  
He was not risen !

And, oh, good men of ages yet to be,  
Who shall believe *because* ye did not see—  
Oh, be ye warned, be wise !  
No more with pleading eyes,  
And sobs of strong desire,  
Unto the empty vacant void aspire,  
Seeking another and impossible birth  
That is not of your own, and only mother earth.  
But if there is no other life for you,  
Sit down and be content, since this must even do :  
He is not risen !

One look, and then depart,  
 Ye humble and ye holy men of heart ;  
 And ye ! ye ministers and stewards of a Word  
 Which ye would preach, because another heard—  
 Ye worshippers of that ye do not know,  
 Take these things hence and go :—  
 He is not risen !

Here, on our Easter Day  
 We rise, we come, and lo ! we find Him not,  
 Gardener nor other, on the sacred spot :  
 Where they have laid Him there is none to say ;  
 No sound, nor in, nor out—no word  
 Of where to seek the dead or meet the living Lord.  
 There is no glistening of an angel's wings,  
 There is no voice of heavenly clear behest :  
 Let us go hence, and think upon these things  
     In silence, which is best.  
     Is He not risen ? No—  
     But lies and moulders low ?  
     Christ is not risen ?

## EASTER DAY

## II

So in the sinful streets, abstracted and alone,  
I with my secret self held communing of mine  
own.

So in the southern city spake the tongue  
Of one that somewhat overwildly sung,  
But in a later hour I sat and heard  
Another voice that spake—another graver word.  
Weep not, it bade, whatever hath been said,  
Though He be dead, He is not dead.

In the true creed  
He is yet risen indeed ;  
Christ is yet risen.

Weep not beside His tomb,  
Ye women unto whom  
He was great comfort and yet greater grief ;  
Nor ye, ye faithful few that wont with Him to  
roam,  
Seek sadly what for Him ye left, go hopeless to  
your home ;  
Nor ye despair, ye sharers yet to be of their belief ;  
Though He be dead, He is not dead,  
Nor gone, though fled,  
Not lost, though vanished ;

Though He return not, though  
 He lies and moulders low ;  
 In the true creed  
 He is yet risen indeed ;  
     Christ is yet risen.

Sit if ye will, sit down upon the ground,  
 Yet not to weep and wail, but calmly look around.  
     Whate'er befell,  
     Earth is not hell ;  
 Now, too, as when it first began,  
 Life is yet life, and man is man.  
 For all that breathe beneath the heaven's high  
     cope,  
 Joy with grief mixes, with despondence hope.  
 Hope conquers cowardice, joy grief :  
 Or at least, faith unbelief.  
     Though dead, not dead ;  
     Not gone, though fled ;  
     Not lost, though vanished.  
 In the great gospel and true creed,  
 He is yet risen indeed ;  
     Christ is yet risen.

## PESCHIERA

WHAT voice did on my spirit fall,  
Peschiera, when thy bridge I crost ?  
'Tis better to have fought and lost,  
Than never to have fought at all.'

The tricolor—a trampled rag  
Lies, dirt and dust ; the lines I track  
By sentry boxes yellow-black,  
Lead up to no Italian flag.

I see the Croat soldier stand  
Upon the grass of your redoubts ;  
The eagle with his black wings flouts  
The breath and beauty of your land.

Yet not in vain, although in vain,  
O men of Brescia, on the day  
Of loss past hope, I heard you say  
Your welcome to the noble pain.

You say, ' Since so it is,—good-bye  
Sweet life, high hope ; but whatsoe'er  
May be, or must, no tongue shall dare  
To tell, " The Lombard feared to die ! " '

You said (there shall be answer fit),  
 'And if our children must obey,  
 They must ; but thinking on this day  
 'Twill less debase them to submit.'

You said (Oh not in vain you said),  
 'Haste, brothers, haste, while yet we may ;  
 The hours ebb fast of this one day  
 When blood may yet be nobly shed.'

Ah ! not for idle hatred, not  
 For honour, fame, nor self-applause,  
 But for the glory of the cause,  
 You did, what will not be forgot.

And though the stranger stand, 'tis true,  
 By force and fortune's right he stands ;  
 By fortune, which is in God's hands,  
 And strength, which yet shall spring in you.

This voice did on my spirit fall,  
 Peschiera, when thy bridge I crost,  
 'Tis better to have fought and lost,  
 Than never to have fought at all.'

SAY NOT THE STRUGGLE NOUGHT  
AVAILETH

SAY not the struggle nought availeth,  
The labour and the wounds are vain,  
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,  
And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars ;  
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,  
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,  
And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,  
Seem here no painful inch to gain,  
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,  
Comes silent, flooding in, the main,

And not by eastern windows only,  
When daylight comes, comes in the light,  
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,  
But westward, look, the land is bright.

SONGS WRITTEN ON SHIP-BOARD<sup>1</sup>

FAREWELL, farewell ! Her vans the vessel tries,  
 His iron might the potent engine plies ;  
 Haste, wingèd words, and ere 'tis useless, tell,  
 Farewell, farewell, yet once again, farewell.

The docks, the streets, the houses past us fly,  
 Without a strain the great ship marches by ;  
 Ye fleeting banks take up the words we tell,  
 And say for us yet once again, farewell.

The waters widen—on without a strain  
 The strong ship moves upon the open main ;  
 She knows the seas, she hears the true waves swell,  
 She seems to say farewell, again farewell.

The billows whiten and the deep seas heave ;  
 Fly once again, sweet words, to her I leave,  
 With winds that blow return, and seas that swell,  
 Farewell, farewell, say once again, farewell.

Fresh in my face and rippling to my feet  
 The winds and waves an answer soft repeat,

<sup>1</sup> This group of songs was composed during the writer's voyage across the Atlantic in 1852.



In sweet, sweet words far brought they seem to tell,  
Farewell, farewell, yet once again, farewell.

Night gathers fast ; adieu, thou fading shore !  
The land we look for next must lie before ;  
Hence, foolish tears ! weak thoughts, no more rebel,  
Farewell, farewell, a last, a last farewell.

Yet not, indeed, ah not till more than sea  
And more than space divide my love and me,  
Till more than waves and winds between us swell,  
Farewell, a last, indeed, a last farewell.

---

COME home, come home ! and where is home for  
me,  
Whose ship is driving o'er the trackless sea ?  
To the frail bark here plunging on its way,  
To the wild waters, shall I turn and say  
To the plunging bark, or to the salt sea foam,  
You are my home ?

Fields once I walked in, faces once I knew,  
Familiar things so old my heart believed them true,  
These far, far back, behind me lie, before  
The dark clouds mutter, and the deep seas roar,  
And speak to them that 'neath and o'er them roam  
No words of home.

Beyond the clouds, beyond the waves that roar,  
There may indeed, or may not be, a shore,

Where fields as green, and hands and hearts as  
     true,  
 The old forgotten semblance may renew,  
 And offer exiles driven far o'er the salt sea foam  
     Another home.

But toil and pain must wear out many a day,  
 And days bear weeks, and weeks bear months away,  
 Ere, if at all, the weary traveller hear,  
 With accents whispered in his wayworn ear,  
 A voice he dares to listen to, say, Come  
     To thy true home.

Come home, come home ! and where a home hath  
     he  
 Whose ship is driving o'er the driving sea ?  
 Through clouds that mutter, and o'er waves that  
     roar,  
 Say, shall we find, or shall we not, a shore  
 That is, as is not ship or ocean foam,  
     Indeed our home ?

1852

---

GREEN fields of England ! wheresoe'er  
 Across this watery waste we fare,  
 Your image at our hearts we bear,  
 Green fields of England, everywhere.

Sweet eyes in England, I must flee  
 Past where the waves' last confines be,  
 Ere your loved smile I cease to see,  
 Sweet eyes in England, dear to me.

Dear home in England, safe and fast  
If but in thee my lot lie cast,  
The past shall seem a nothing past  
To thee, dear home, if won at last ;  
Dear home in England, won at last.

1852

---

COME back, come back, behold with straining mast  
And swelling sail, behold her steaming fast ;  
With one new sun to see her voyage o'er,  
With morning light to touch her native shore.  
Come back, come back.

Come back, come back, while westward labouring  
by,  
With sailless yards, a bare black hulk we fly.  
See how the gale we fight with sweeps her back,  
To our lost home, on our forsaken track.  
Come back, come back.

Come back, come back, across the flying foam,  
We hear faint far-off voices call us home,  
Come back, ye seem to say ; ye seek in vain ;  
We went, we sought, and homeward turned again.  
Come back, come back.

Come back, come back ; and whither back or why ?  
To fan quenched hopes, forsaken schemes to try ;  
Walk the old fields ; pace the familiar street ;  
Dream with the idlers, with the bards compete.  
Come back, come back.

Come back, come back ; and whither and for what ?  
 To finger idly some old Gordian knot,  
 Unskilled to sunder, and too weak to cleave,  
 And with much toil attain to half-believe.

Come back, come back.

Come back, come back ; yea back, indeed, do go  
 Sighs panting thick, and tears that want to flow ;  
 Fond fluttering hopes upraise their useless wings,  
 And wishes idly struggle in the strings ;

Come back, come back.

Come back, come back, more eager than the breeze,  
 The flying fancies sweep across the seas,  
 And lighter far than ocean's flying foam,  
 The heart's fond message hurries to its home.

Come back, come back.

Come back, come back !  
 Back flies the foam ; the hoisted flag streams back ;  
 The long smoke wavers on the homeward track,  
 Back fly with winds things which the winds obey,  
 The strong ship follows its appointed way.

1852

---

SOME future day when what is now is not,  
 When all old faults and follies are forgot,  
 And thoughts of difference passed like dreams  
 away,

We'll meet again, upon some future day.

When all that hindered, all that vexed our love,  
As tall rank weeds will climb the blade above,  
When all but it has yielded to decay,  
We'll meet again upon some future day.

When we have proved, each on his course alone,  
The wider world, and learnt what's now unknown,  
Have made life clear, and worked out each a way,  
We'll meet again,—we shall have much to say.

With happier mood, and feelings born anew,  
Our boyhood's bygone fancies we'll review,  
Talk o'er old talks, play as we used to play,  
And meet again, on many a future day.

Some day, which oft our hearts shall yearn to see,  
In some far year, though distant yet to be,  
Shall we indeed,—ye winds and waters, say!—  
Meet yet again, upon some future day?

1852

---

WHERE lies the land to which the ship would go?  
Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know.  
And where the land she travels from? Away,  
Far, far behind, is all that they can say.

On sunny noons upon the deck's smooth face,  
Linked arm in arm, how pleasant here to pace;  
Or, o'er the stern reclining, watch below  
The foaming wake far widening as we go.

On stormy nights when wild north-westerns rave,  
How proud a thing to fight with wind and wave !  
The dripping sailor on the reeling mast  
Exults to bear, and scorns to wish it past.

Where lies the land to which the ship would go ?  
Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know.  
And where the land she travels from ? Away,  
Far, far behind, is all that they can say.

## COME, POET, COME !

COME, Poet, come !  
A thousand labourers ply their task,  
And what it tends to scarcely ask,  
And trembling thinkers on the brink  
Shiver, and know not how to think.  
To tell the purport of their pain,  
And what our silly joys contain ;  
In lasting lineaments pourtray  
The substance of the shadowy day ;  
Our real and inner deeds rehearse,  
And make our meaning clear in verse :  
Come, Poet, come ! for but in vain  
We do the work or feel the pain,  
And gather up the seeming gain,  
Unless before the end thou come  
To take, ere they are lost, their sum.

Come, Poet, come !  
To give an utterance to the dumb,  
And make vain babblers silent, come ;  
A thousand dupes point here and there,  
Bewildered by the show and glare ;  
And wise men half have learned to doubt  
Whether we are not best without.  
Come, Poet ; both but wait to see  
Their error proved to them in thee.

Come, Poet, come !  
In vain I seem to call. And yet  
Think not the living times forget.  
Ages of heroes fought and fell  
That Homer in the end might tell ;  
O'er grovelling generations past  
Upstood the Doric fane at last ;  
And countless hearts on countless years  
Had wasted thoughts, and hopes, and fears,  
Rude laughter and unmeaning tears ;  
Ere England Shakespeare saw, or Rome  
The pure perfection of her dome.  
Others, I doubt not, if not we,  
The issue of our toils shall see ;  
Young children gather as their own  
The harvest that the dead had sown,  
The dead forgotten and unknown.

THE END



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